NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Which Way for JFK?

FRANK S. MEYER

The Cost of Algerian Algeria

JAMES BURNHAM

Pchhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhh!

MICHAEL MASON

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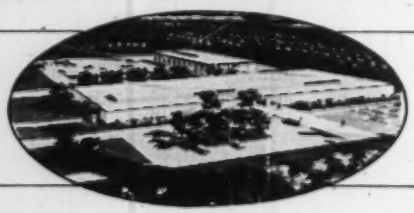

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ . . . the bulk of which is reserved for regular contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW, some of whom have recently been neglected, or neglectful, we feature an essay by Mr. **Michael Mason**, a young English scholar (Jesus, Cambridge), writer (*The Center of Hilarity*), and editor (Sheed and Ward). "Pchhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhh!" is a gentle justification of the occasional war, an inquiry into the source of the child's fascination with warmaking, and a melancholy analysis of the anatomy of pacifism . . . **James Burnham** goes out on a limb to predict the concrete consequences for France and, derivatively, for the West, of *Algérie Algérienne*. (By the way, Professor **Thomas Molnar**, who wrote last week on Algeria, and does again this week in the book section, is *not* of Queens College but of Brooklyn College.)

→ **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** gives ten reasons why Latin Americans tend to dislike, or distrust, Americans —not one of them, believe it or not, having to do with our support for Trujillo over the years. . . . **Frank Meyer** examines the new rhetoric of politics, arguing the essential emptiness of the sweeping rhetorical pronouncements of JFK. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about the great success of the Claremont College complex in Southern California, a paradigm for small colleges that wish to keep their individuality, but need for economic reasons to share costly central facilities.

→ **Mr. E. Digby Baltzell** is professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, author of the stunning *Philadelphia Gentlemen*. He reviews Cleveland Amory's *Who Killed Society?* and weighs the difference between "celebrities" and aristocrats. . . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick** of the Richmond *News Leader*, for whom Garry Wills is now apprenticing as assistant editorial writer, reviews an important book by Michael Lindsay on the sources of American distrust of Communism. Some of the questions Lindsay asks, Kilpatrick will endeavor to get answered—when he travels, late this spring, to Moscow. . . . **John G. Ackelmire** of the Indianapolis *News* surveys the new collection of speeches and essays by the prolific Admiral-industrialist-publicist Ben Moreell—a widower whom we felicitate on his remarriage last week. . . . And **Francis Russell** absolutely establishes that there is more fun per minute reading him on *Exodus*, than there is per hour in seeing that extravagant bore. To which we add (Adv.)—and consider how much cheaper it is! . . . **Robert Creeley** was editor of *Black Mountain Review*, and has published several small collections of verse, the latest of which, *A Form of Women*, was reviewed by Hugh Kenner in the Fall Book Issue. "The Name" is among the best poems we have published. "The whole craft," Hugh Kenner writes, "is to make every phrase look effortless: no tinge of rhetoric, just the words as they drop onto the page, arranging themselves into lines and stanzas like a coiling thread." →

The WEEK

● Edward R. Murrow has been named director of the United States Information Agency. Television gets better all the time, don't you think?

● When Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton was re-elected Chairman of the Republican National Committee at its meeting in Washington, January 7, there was considerable sentiment for a change—especially among the conservatives, who identify Morton with the Eisenhower-Nixon regime now folding its wings, and the campaign defeat. But the conservatives still lack a leader universally acknowledged, as Taft was in his latter years. Since there was no agreed substitute, Morton will hang on a few months more. Insiders say that he must agree to go quietly before June, or face the likelihood of being rudely booted.

● Controversy, both inside and outside the conservative camp, still swirls around Senator Barry Goldwater's recent pamphlet called "The Forgotten American" and subtitled "A Statement of Proposed Republican Principles, Programs and Objectives." The Senator, in the pamphlet, advocates federal tax relief to families with children in college. To what extent is this a politically necessary compromise with the principle enunciated in *The Conscience of a Conservative,* under which there should be no federal involvement in education? We await Brent Bozell's analysis of the Senator's first pamphlet. And we await the next statements from the Senator's office (in a few weeks, a report on education; later, a separate analysis of the election results; finally, a report on depressed areas, electoral reform, and a variety of specific problems). Meanwhile, conservatives will surely take up these reports not with an eye to judging their merit on the basis of abstract considerations, but recognizing that these are in a sense battle reports, communiqués from the front, where the grand strategy of the alliance must be translated into specific, detailed, day-to-day tactical action. On this basis the first report rings true. *En avant!*

● The AFL-CIO has been conned into one more of those curious operations into which a totalitarian interpretation of the idea of "labor solidarity" so often leads decent sections of the labor movement. On the alleged ground of fighting "runaway" movies —*i.e.,* movies produced abroad—that "take the bread out of the mouths of American workers," the Hollywood unions have persuaded other AFL-CIO unions to back them in boosting the $12 million *Spartacus* as a model "made in America" product. Overlooked are the facts that: a) *Spartacus* is based on a book written by Howard Fast at a time when he was a disciplined Communist, on a theme lending itself to, and given by Fast, a deliberate Party-lining; b) a principal adapter of the script was a Fifth Amendment Hollywood Tenner, who has never denounced Communism; c) a main reason why many movies are produced abroad, now that convertibility troubles are over, is the impossible cost level brought about by the demands of the Hollywood unions; d) it is a lousy movie, and a box-office flop; e) it was made in not inconsiderable part abroad.

● James M. Landis, Kennedy's assistant for overhauling the federal regulatory agencies, says we have "no mechanism to coordinate air and rail transportation policies." We hope Mr. Landis invents a mechanism. We don't want to repeat the disaster we suffered for want of a mechanism to coordinate horse-drawn buggy and auto transportation policies.

● Massive resistance to integration ended in Georgia last week, when the legislature passed four bills repealing a half-dozen segregation laws, and allowing public schools to remain open when integrated. One bill entitles every child to "a grant of state and local funds to be expended for the purposes of attending a nonsectarian private school." A local-option placement bill removes the power of the state's Board of Education to set placement regulations, and leaves it to the local boards. Local school boards may also hold school-closing elections at the request of 15 per cent of the registered voters, and compulsory attendance laws are automatically suspended when a school is closed. Token integration is expected in the urban areas, but rural areas are likely to close their public schools when threatened with integration.

● The *New York Times,* in a genteel version of one of the Sick Jokes, ran an article a few weeks ago whose thesis is that "the cold war may emerge as one of the greatest boons that mankind has ever known." The reasoning is that, but for the war, the sense of American responsibility to the international community might never have awakened, etc., etc. (Perhaps the *Times* will run a piece saying that Dachau and Auschwitz were a great boon, in that they jolted the conscience of the world to the dangers of anti-Semitism?) Dr. Ruth Alexander, in her syndicated column, has written a spirited retort, especially resenting the author's asseveration that "never in our lives have we [Americans] worked one day as hard as most of the people of the world work each day . . . through no fault of their own." That, Dr. Alexander points out, is quintessential Liberal poppycock. Some of the world labors hard—and much of it

doesn't. Mohandas Gandhi once told the economist Colin Clark, "Do you know why my people are poor? Because they are lazy." The ideal, often realized, of most native African males (whom the *Times* these days much admires) is to sit in the shade while their wives work the fields and serve them periodic coconut shells of beer. Heaven knows all poor people are not lazy, and all lazy people are not poor: both facile generalities are false. But many Americans do work—intensively, unremittingly (some editors of the *Times* included). There are other reasons, touching on which a Scottish economist wrote in 1776—should the *Times* wish to pursue its inquiry into the causes of the wealth of nations.

● *Liberté, égalité, fraternité, 170 years later:* (a *recent French news item*): "The Union of Dental Surgeons of the Seine, in a communiqué, 'raises the liveliest protest against the fixing of a double standard of repayment for dental bills to persons covered by social security in the [Department of the] Seine, depending on whether these persons patronize a practitioner who has, or has not, subscribed individually to the [dentists'] convention. This organization declares that the negotiations with social security relative to a contract have not been broken and that it is this last [social security] which is entirely responsible for the length of the negotiations.' The protest of the dental surgeons of the Seine was provoked by the publication in the *Journal Officiel* of November 17 of a notice of the decision of the Commission on Rates. In the absence of a collective contract with the dental surgeons of the Seine, the Commission has fixed the charges. In the Seine these will reduce by nearly one half the amount reimbursable to those covered by social security for dental work."

● The State Department doesn't know what happened aboard the good ship *Santa Maria,* but WE know. She wasn't hijacked. They aren't pirates. And it's not a Communist plot. Just a simple case of "self-determination," to be applauded by all right-thinking men. Here's to freedom, for all men, and for all the ships at sea!

● The Chinese Communist "people's communes" are being modified to bring them a little more in touch with reality. Greater incentives will be provided, farmers will have more time for leisure, and there will even be private plots on which farmers can grow their own food. Before the communes were established, Hong Kong was receiving an average of 30 requests for food a day. The requests rose to 200 when the communes went into effect, and have since grown to the current level of 1,600. Appeals have been so heavy, postal authorities are forwarding the packages by river boats, instead of by train as usual.

Months and months ago, the United States should have used its decisive influence to bring the forces of Cuban liberation under a single banner. Grant the difficulties—there is no Charles de Gaulle among the exiled Cubans. But these are difficulties that must be overcome if the leverage of the anti-Castro Cuban movement is to be maximized. There are, fortunately, movements in the direction of a United Front; a most important demonstration, for instance, took place last week in New York, sponsored by several anti-Castro organizations, most conspicuously the FRD (Frente Revolucionario Democrático). Three thousand Cubans showed up, and at every mention of the necessity for unity against Castro and Communism, they cheered lustily. Unfortunately, there was no press attention given to the assembly, nor was there, so far as one could see, a microphone, to broadcast the speeches and the enthusiasm to the ears of Latin Americans, among whom the stridencies of Fidel Castro have so high a Hooper rating. More radio broadcasts to Latin America, of the right kind, were one of JFK's promises, come to think of it.

● Select a gifted pre-adolescent chimpanzee. Train him, *à la* Pavlov, to operate the controls of a space ship in response to certain signals. Tuck him in a capsule equipped with an electrical hot-seat to inspire him to action if he puckers in a pinch. Blow him off the earth with 78,000 pounds of thrust and hurl him over the Atlantic Ocean at 5,000 miles an hour. Fish him out of the ocean a few minutes later, and shake his hand. Interesting and amusing as all this is, we must record our observation that the chimpanzee's journey was not exactly a triumph of science and is certainly a symbol of the social problems of our age. As a scientific acomplishment, the episode points up the grievous inefficiency of our rockets: for it took thirty-nine tons of machinery to give a ride to a thirty-seven-pound passenger. The first steam engine was more efficient. And as a symbol of our social ills, let us merely ask ourselves why, when a chimpanzee is qualified to fly through space, he is not qualified for membership in the United Nations?

● The House has voted to deprive minorities of their rights in the Rules Committee. As the American Indians will tell you, that's the way it was on the Old Frontier too.

Well, Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has had his testimonial dinner, and if anyone gagged, it did not make the news columns. We thought of sending a reporter, but our instinct against voyeurism prevailed—we only wish unbuttoned political rituals would be conducted in total privacy. From all reports, everything went perfectly, from soup to Presidential greeting.

JFK's tribute was to the effect that he and "Adam" had worked in behalf of the same causes ever since JFK entered Congress in 1947. A particularly inappropriate whiff of Presidential gas, we thought, since one of the causes for which Adam was most noisily working in 1947 was that of the Soviet Union. Among the guests or greeters were: Averell Harriman, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Reuther, Mike Wallace, Toots Shor, Serge Obolensky, Stuart Symington, Edward Bennett Williams, Tough Tony Anastasia, Dave Dubinsky, Pat Brown, Kenneth Keating and (Notre Dame President) Father Theodore Hesburgh. Mr. Powell's introduction to society was presided over (*in absentia*) by Angier Biddle Duke, new Chief of Protocol of the State Department, who will no doubt find the rest of his remaining chores during the Kennedy Administration child's play by comparison. But who knows, by the end of the next four years, perhaps Malcolm X, leader of the Negro Muslim League (which wishes to do away, so to speak, with the white race) will prove to be politically powerful enough to warrant a testimonial dinner of his own, and Angie may be back for that one.

● California has dedicated a museum at the site of, and on the 113th anniversary of, the discovery of gold. A memorial museum, no doubt?

The Care and Feeding of Neutralism

Part 1. Last autumn the Communist enterprise got to work on Laos. The Communist army, Pathet Lao, already established in the north, moved into action. Communists triggered a revolt led by a parachute captain, Kong Le, against the government of Souvanna Phouma. Russia joined Communist China and North Vietnam to send in arms, money and agents, and to put a diplomatic squeeze on Vientiane. Souvanna Phouma folded. He announced a turn to "neutralism," began diplomatic relations with Moscow, got Soviet aid, and planned a coalition government including the Pathet Lao—*i.e.*, a People's Front government that would swing Laos into the Soviet sphere.

Pro-Western general Phoumi Nosavan and pro-Western statesman Prince Boun Oum refused to go along. They took to the field to fight the Communist armies. Souvanna Phouma lost his nerve completely, and fled to Cambodia. A new government headed by Boun Oum was ratified by king and parliament. The members of government continued to defend their country against the attacking Communists, who were being (and are being) supplied by Soviet planes.

Britain, France and India called as usual for negotiations and compromise: revival of the old Control Commission (India, Canada, Poland = 2½ to ½ against us), convening of an enlarged SEATO group or anything else to blur issues. Peiping and Moscow were ready enough as usual to palaver—on their terms. Their terms were to the point: no recognition of the Boun Oum government as the legitimate government of Laos. In other words: Western capitulation in advance.

The State Department, under Dwight Eisenhower, also as usual, duly capitulated, or seems to have done so. It agreed "to leave open" the question of what Laotian government is legitimate. In plainer phrase, it ran out on the Laotians who, by policy and arms, stand by us, and fight our enemies.

Part 2. The government of Portugal has been a loyal, active member of NATO, and a firm friend of the United States. It has invariably supported the United States in the dark woods of the United Nations. It has opened its ports, at home and in its overseas territories, to our navy. It has made available to us and to NATO a crucial air base on its Azores islands. It has supplied its products in willing trade. It has received a minimum ration of foreign aid, and that minimum not as largesse but in decent *quid pro quo* for the strategic advantages given in return. It has made our enemies its enemies.

On January 22 a Portuguese exile adventurer, Henrique Malta Galvão, and a miscellaneous gang apparently recruited, for the most part, from Spanish and Latin American leftists, Communists very much included, seized the Portuguese cruise ship *Santa Maria* in an act of piracy on the high seas. At once the usual international propaganda organ, energized from the Kremlin, opened its stops. The pirate gang was repainted, day by day, until the public saw the image of a gallant band of freedom fighters striking the first blow to liberate Portugal, at home and overseas, from the Fascist Tyranny of Bloodthirsty Dictator Salazar.

Portugal—a small country and not a rich one—understandably enough wanted its ship back (though Lisbon announced its readiness to let Galvão and his comrades remain, in the Latin manner, in unpunished exile), and asked its great naval allies to help it uphold the laws of the sea, the rights of property, and the politico-strategic interests of NATO. But the State Department, under John F. Kennedy, ran out on the loyally pro-Western, pro-American, anti-Communist government of Salazar, just as it had run out on the government of Boun Oum.

Henceforth all cruise ships will be well advised to enlist a guard of marines large enough to mount a heavy 24-hour watch on all decks. Apparently, in the new dispensation, any gang of terrorists may

seize any ship on the high seas with impunity, provided only that they announce their piracy as an act of revolutionary liberation. It will be amusing to see the *Santa Maria* precedents applied, say, by the Mafia in taking over the *Constitution* or the *Caronia*, for a run to safe harbor in Conakry, or Trincomalee.

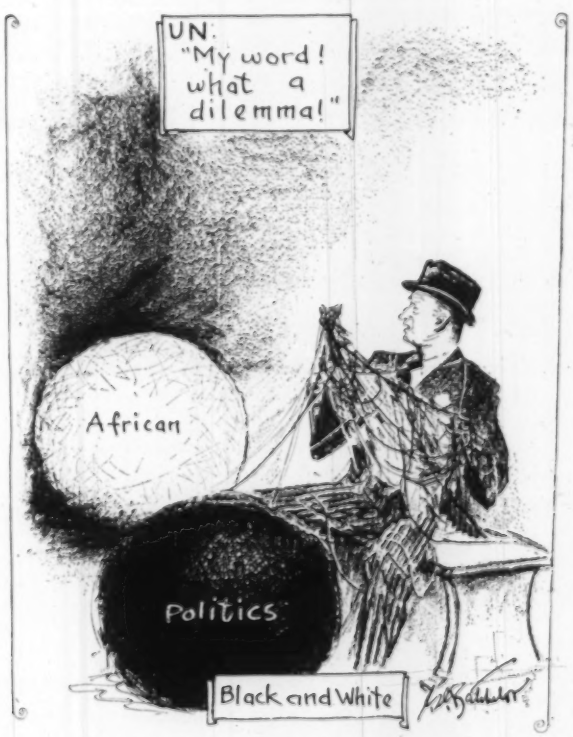
Part 3. Gomulka, Moscow's agent in a Kremlin-run puppet government, gets new $100 million credit; Tito, who always lines up with Moscow, gets new credit from Washington for $200 million; Nehru, who almost always does, gets umpteen million; Sukarno, who has Communists in his government, and outlaws the anti-Communists, and who brings the Communist Party secretary as his aide to the UN, is on a regular multi-million-dollar U.S. dole; etc., etc., etc.

Part 4. Why should any nation *not* be neutralist?

The Dark Skirmish

The House has voted, by the nice margin of 217 to 212, to increase the number of representatives on the Rules Committee. The new members will shift the balance of the committee to favor the present Administration and its legislative program. The final truth about the fight to "pack" the Rules Committee has not been told and may never be known. Why was this method chosen? If the House wants to change its rules to favor a certain executive, it should go ahead and change its rules. It seems rather silly for a political body to circumvent rules it has the power to amend. Like cheating at solitaire.

The point of it is—of course—it wasn't a rule change. It was a bill of attainder against a particular Democrat by other Democrats who don't like his views. If it had been Emanuel Celler, rather than Howard Smith, there wouldn't have been any such packing. It was, in a word, an exercise in power by the executive over the legislative. Very well. But must we join the cheering section? No.



Here We Go Again

Nightmare in Red *will be televised on the Circle Theater program on December 22.*

There is an interesting sidenote to Nightmare in Red. *It originally was scheduled to be televised some time ago under sponsorship of General Motors, but the corporation, in a sudden move, cancelled the show.*

At the time, hopes of world peace were high as a result of the Geneva conference which had just gotten off to a grand start. The TV program deals rather unkindly with Russia, and there were reports that the sponsor dropped the show at the suggestion of Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense.

Wilson, a former head of General Motors, reportedly believed the show might strain relations between America and the Soviet Union at a time when everybody was trying to be friendly.

But the warm glow from Geneva has cooled a bit since, and the sponsor of Circle Theater apparently had no qualms about picking up the show.

Philadelphia Daily News, December 2, 1955

In a period when there is talk about the return of McCarthyism (see "*Pace*, Dean" below), the Columbia Broadcasting System cancels an hour-long show, scheduled for last week, called *The Spy Next Door*. The show, said its author, Mr. Jerome D. Ross, is a "composite, based on a variety of documentation," on Soviet espionage activities. CBS cancelled because, reports the Armstrong Cork Company, sponsor of the program, the network had become sensitive about televising a Soviet espionage story "in the light of developments last week in United States-Soviet relations."

One can imagine the furore had a network show written by a *pro*-Communist been cancelled! All of the organs of despair would have broken instantly into a dirge for our diminished liberties.

One can understand the silencing of Admiral Arleigh Burke, even while weighing heavily the loss to the nation of the Admiral's evaluation of the same American predicament Mr. Kennedy himself speaks so gravely to us about (especially in the speech in which the President called for vigorous participation

by *all* the members of his team in frank and open discussion of the nation's problems). Yes, Arleigh Burke is a wise and experienced anti-Communist strategist, and we'd have liked to hear what he has to say. But he serves under a commander-in-chief who has prescribed silence, and that is the end of it.

But CBS is not in the armed services. How it can justify its arbitrary and sudden refusal to make time available to a sponsor to broadcast a program about one of the essential facts of our time, the continuing war of subversion and espionage waged by the Communists, is very hard to understand. Perhaps Edward R. Murrow, in his new capacity as chairman of the U.S. Information Agency, will explain to the world, always so eager for details on America's diminishing freedoms, the story behind the degrading sycophancy of his alma mater.

Are There Other Ways to Speed Research?

It is up to President Kennedy to act on the recent recommendations of President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Committee, and it occurs to us the new President has not had the benefit of our advice in the matter. The report in question is called "Scientific Progress, the Universities and the Federal Government." Under the national defense and general welfare clauses of the Constitution the federal government is now claiming responsibility for just about the whole of scientific life in the United States. The call is for an enormous expansion of federally-supported scientific activity in research, teaching, and construction of facilities.

Nowadays, the more frequently a government report mentions the need for "freedom," the surer you can be the drafter has designs on our diminishing supply. It is crystal clear from this report that the federal government has certain objectives in mind and intends to direct the attention of our universities to further them—while, of course, zealously safeguarding their "freedom." The funds, in short, will have strings attached. Beneath the fog of bureaucratic prose the lay of the land is visible: "The government should strengthen its ability to establish general policies governing its support of basic research and graduate education at universities. These policies should be formulated under the leadership of the office of the President utilizing appropriate advisory machinery."

Indeed? All in the name of national defense? A nation strong in science but vicious and depraved in its moral life might not have the will to withstand the Communist challenge. In the name of national defense is it therefore the responsibility of the federal government to dictate the moral law? As in so many other cases, we agree that the national interest and basic research are connected; but, as in so many cases, why should the federal government be the agency that undertakes to protect and promote that interest? During the past fifteen years the government has increased its research activities to the point where it now buys—usually on contract—about 70 per cent of all the scientific research work performed in this country. If, as this report implies, our scientific progress must be vastly improved, is it necessarily the most obvious deduction that the federal government should spend still more? And control still more?

What we are talking about is the need to discover what is today unknown. Obviously we cannot now identify or predict what we shall discover. Rather than to push an army of scientists along an unknown road, might it not be more efficient to attract their interest by offering substantial individual rewards for scientific achievements that turn out to have advantage for our national defense?

And if we needed any further justification for a policy of liberal reward for scientific achievement vital to the national defense, we might merely remind Washington that that is what seems to work so well for Moscow.

No Whites Allowed

When Hulan E. Jack was convicted of hanky-panky for letting a contractor doing business with the City pay the check for $6,000 worth of redecorating the Jack apartment, he automatically lost his official post as Borough President of Manhattan. Naturally, nothing else happened. Judge Sarafite, under Tammany's Golden Rule, felt that Brother Jack had suffered enough what with losing his title and his official limousine, so the sentence was suspended. Plain Mr. Jack went back to his work as District Leader, and the comforts of his refurbished home.

For the emptied Borough Presidential slot, Earl Brown was primed, but some legal fussbudget unearthed a law making City Council members (Mr. Brown being one) ineligible. Then Carmine DeSapio backed Lloyd E. Dickens against Mayor Wagner's entry, Edward R. Dudley. Mr. Dudley, receiving the apostolic blessing of Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., won in a photo finish.

Messrs. Jack, Brown, Dickens and Dudley are all, of course, Negroes, there being a strict clause in the New York City Charter providing that the Borough President of Manhattan must, whatever else he is, be black. They say the ACLU is preparing a complaint to the Federal Civil Rights Commission on the ground that this clause discriminates unfairly against Jews and Puerto Ricans.

COALITION BETWEEN CONSERVATIVE WINGS OF BOTH PARTIES APPEARS STRONGER
THE JAVITS-CASE-HUMPHREY-McGEE-DOUGLAS-BYRUN-MARTIN PACKAGE

"It's important to remember that there's a vast difference between a Constructive Affiliation and an Unholy Alliance!"

Pace, *Dean*

The Right Reverend James A. Pike, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, opened the 11th annual diocesan convention by warning against the revival of McCarthyism in America. The movement is, at the present stage, "without a leader," but there are "small fry," "would-be" leaders, namely Fulton Lewis Jr., Gerald L. K. Smith, William F. Buckley Jr., and "even the chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Representative Francis E. Walter."

Poor Dean Pike! For years he made the headlines regularly by bemoaning, from the pulpit of St. John the Divine in New York, our waning liberties. Now he is involved in a theological brawl having to do with the Virgin Birth, and he may be seeking to distract attention from it by invoking the ancient battle-cry against McCarthyism. It is as though Norman Thomas were to try to rally American sentiment against Franco by shouting, Remember the Maine!

The Dean complains, *inter alia*, against those who would "punish persons for their thoughts, opinions, religious, or ethical views, and chosen associates." That is one aspect of McCarthyism, says the Dean. Presumably, therefore, the southern Episcopalian ministers who criticize Dean Pike's religious deviationism are McCarthyites.

On the more general issue, there are those who feel the Communists and their collaborators are a matter for national concern, and that public-spirited congressional committees, radio commentators and magazines should express that concern, and seek to do what they can to expose and resist the designs of the enemy. If that is McCarthyism, we are, to be sure, McCarthyites. But we know from Dean Pike's long record of pronouncements on the matter that another face of "McCarthyism" is a smear achieved by unjustified association of two different kinds of people. As far as we know, we are not ourselves guilty of making any such confusions. We do not, for instance, confuse Liberals and Communists. We would not, for instance, write such a sentence as, "Typical opposition to American interests is expressed by such persons as Paul Robeson, William Z. Foster, and Dean Pike." Nor would we confuse decent anti-Communists with a racist demagogue. It was left for Dean Pike to do that. By his own definition, he is a McCarthyite *cum laude*.

But then in a spirit of Christian charity, we forgive him. For the good Dean is obviously in a sweat. Perhaps at this very moment, he is lifting his eyes to Heaven, and praying to God and to the non-Virgin Mary to deliver him from his McCarthyite persecutors within the Episcopal clergy. To which the answer from above may come, "Thou art not always a faithful servant, James, and thou shouldst from time to time wash out thy mouth in soap and water. Thou mayest have to face another Tribunal before I am through with thee; but fear not, it will not be a congressional committee."

Wherefore Art Thou, Apathy?

Miss Marcia McGhee, Vassar '62, writes in a recent issue of the *Vassar Alumnae Magazine* that all that talk about Vassar girls being "apathetic" is nonsense, and she can prove it. It may be true, she concedes, that in recent years Vassar has not been very active politically (us, we haven't heard much about Vassar Political Action since 1948, when the student newspaper came out for Wallace for President). "But a new trend has become so apparent that in all fairness it must be shown that the Vassar student is not only interested in current affairs, but is actively supporting her interest." In all fairness we proceed:

"The first really widespread movement," says Miss McGhee, "began last year when a small group of students joined those of other colleges in action against the provision in the National Defense Education Act scholarship loans which required loyalty oaths from students accepting these loans." Well, sir, before long they got the signatures of *six hundred* (out of 1,400) Vassar girls: and in due course Vassar's administration joined Harvard and Yale in pulling out of the program on account of the offensive oath. "The victory was clear."

For the Record

Rep. John V. Lindsay, Liberal GOP leader in House Rules fight, rebuffed in own backyard when New York Young Republican Club tabled resolution backing him, voted three-to-one to congratulate Republicans who opposed Rayburn packing bill. . . . Stevenson faction in Washington pressing the President to let Adlai name the Under Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs and new U.S. Ambassador to Taiwan.

Erno Gero, First Secretary of Hungarian C.P. at time of 1956 revolt, reported back in Hungary with other Stalinists. Resentment against Gero helped spark the revolt, and he was sent off to Russia for five years. . . . On 25th anniversary of public housing, New York City has 109,000 public-housing apartments for 433,000 people. Under construction or in planning stages are 39,000 more apartments for 156,000 people.

German press referring to the Santa Maria as "der Fliegende Portugieser." . . . Conservatives in Congress regret unlucky illness of Rep. B. Carroll Reece (R., Tenn.), now in Bethesda Naval Hospital. . . . 139 college presidents, administrators and professors signed petition supporting House Committee on Un-American Activities last week. . . . The U.S. will send 100,000 bags of corn to Africa. (As if Soapy Williams weren't enough!)

U.S. per-capita income increased six times in past 50 years; per-capita tax bite increased almost 500 times in same period. . . . Vito Battista, United Taxpayers Party chief, thinking of entering New York mayoralty primary as conservative GOP candidate. . . . Competitor TV network trying to arrange showing of TV drama based on Soviet spy activities in U.S., killed at last minute on CBS last week. . . . One factor behind Belgian strikes was those middle-income Belgians who had invested their life savings in Congo at urging of government. When Belgium evacuated, Congo investments dwindled overnight to less than half their purchase price. . . . Left on a Georgetown doorstep Jan. 21: two quarts of milk. The Kennedys had failed to notify milkman of their change of address.

Then, in rapid succession, the girls 1) wrote articles against the apartheid policy in South Africa; 2) protested to Syngman Rhee his imperfections ("the ink was scarcely dry when he suddenly resigned, and seventy-five students signed a plea for larger portions of meat in Jewett House"); 3) organized ("the most constructive action") a Student Aid for Civil Rights committee, which picketed Woolworth's, etc.; and 4) founded a chapter of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. "The label of apathy is, I believe, no longer applicable," Miss McGhee closes, proudly.

The only thing to do is for a rival student group to set up a Committee for Student Apathy. Otherwise, the girls are Lost.

Notes and Asides

Our advertising manager has completed a survey of NATIONAL REVIEW readers and some of the results are of general interest. Seventy-eight per cent of you are male (you'd never guess it from the letters column now, would you, boys?). The size of the average family is 3.7—but 15 per cent of you have four or more children. A phenomenal 35 per cent have a postgraduate degree of some kind; yet 6 per cent went only through grade school. Income ranges from under $5,000 (12.4 per cent) to over $75,000 (3.1 per cent). Seventy per cent own your own homes.

NATIONAL REVIEW's readers are largely from the professional class. Seventy-four per cent of you are "professionals or semi-professionals in background"; for 45 per cent, the professions are your primary occupation; 34 per cent own or manage all or part of the company in which you work; 27 per cent serve as a director of at least one company; 74 per cent own stocks and bonds other than in the U.S. government.

. The percentage breakdown among the professionals: Lawyer, 18.9; Educator, 10.1; Government, 10.9; Clergy, 6.9; Engineer, 6.6; Doctor, 5.0; Accountant, 3.2; Journalist, 2.7; Scientist, 2.1; Dentist, 1.5; Other (*e.g.*, non-academic economists, artists), 16.3.

You are an incredibly active lot. For every 100 readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, there are 342 memberships in social, civic, political, business and professional organizations. What's more, for every 100 readers there are 57 officers or directors of these organizations!

And then, notwithstanding all those organizations, all those professional magazines, all those children, the crowning statistic: 84 per cent of you read "all or most of each issue." And the average copy is read by 3.3 people.

May your tribe increase.

Special Report

HUAC: A Calm Review

THOMAS F. COON

Seldom has any organ of the national government been as bitterly criticized, denounced and buffeted around as the Committee on Un-American Activities. The Communists, who know better, and their dupes, who should know better, have strained every fiber to eliminate this Committee which has done so much to embarrass the Party by throwing publicity on its goals and methods. They have been so successful that today many Americans unconsciously assume that there must be something intrinsically evil about the Committee and its activities.

Why was the Committee created? How does it operate? How valuable is its work?

The present House Committee on Un-American Activities came into being in 1945 and has continued as a standing committee of the House to the present time. It consists of nine members—five from the majority party and four from the minority party. The chairman is a member of the majority party, and regardless of whether his name is Harold H. Velde or Francis E. Walter, whether Republican from Illinois or Democrat from Pennsylvania, is a prime target of the Communist Party.

The Committee on Un-American Activities is authorized to investigate 1) the extent, character and objectivity of un-American propaganda activities in the United States; 2) the diffusion in the United States of subversive and un-American propaganda; 3) all other questions related thereto that will aid the Congress in drafting remedial legislation. In addition, under the House Rule XI, section 26, the Committee is assigned certain "watchdog" functions. It is its job to ride herd on those administrative organs charged with carrying out the provisions of the Internal Security Act of 1950, the Communist Control Act of 1954, and various provisions of the Immigration and Nationality Act and the Foreign Agents Registration Act.

It is often charged 1) that the Committee has never revealed any important espionage activities and 2) it accomplishes nothing that the FBI could not do better. Such remarks are uttered out of naiveté or, in many cases, with the deliberate objective of deluding the public and lessening HUAC's effectiveness. It was this Committee which brought to light, to state just a few, the espionage activities of Arthur A. Adams, J. Peters, Gerhart Eisler, Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, Harry Dexter White, William W. Remington, Alger Hiss, as well as the atom bomb spy ring at the University of California Radiation Laboratory. Concerning the second charge that there is no need for HUAC, it is argued that the FBI is the investigative agency of the executive branch of the government which is primarily charged with responsibility for developing evidence upon which to base criminal prosecutions. This overlooks the fact that in our system of government, it is the responsibility of a committee of the Congress to seek and receive public information upon which to base legislative recommendations either to strengthen our present laws or suggest new laws to plug vacuums in our internal security program in general.

A recent research study conducted by the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress reveals among others the following legislative recommendations by HUAC:

1. Legislation to bring about the immediate mandatory deportation of alien spies and saboteurs.

2. Legislation to outlaw every political organization which is shown to be under the control of a foreign government.

3. Legislation to stop all immigration from foreign countries that refuse to accept the return of their nationals found under American law to be deportable from this country.

4. Added legislation to place restrictions on the distribution of totalitarian propaganda, when that distribution involves any cost to the American taxpayers, and when such propaganda emanates and is shipped from foreign sources.

5. Legislation to restrict the benefits of certain tax-exemption privileges now extended to a number of Communist fronts posing as educational, charitable and relief groups.

Recommendations by HUAC in the past have brought about enactment of the Internal Security Act of 1950, the Communist Control Act of 1954 and various provisions of the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952. Many other recommendations covered such diverse fields as: increased penalties for seditious conspiracy; single espionage statute for peace and war; foreign agents registration; publication of names of foreign agents; compulsory testimony in congressional investigations, etc.

As one by-product of its activity, the Committee has produced a series of research studies. These include collections of original documents of the Communist movement, and the more recent multi-volume project, *Facts on Communism*, which has begun with outstanding monographs on Communist ideology by Prof. Gerhart Niemeyer and on Soviet history by Prof. David J. Dallin.

Is the Committee fair to those who come before it? Any witness may consult with his lawyer whenever he so desires during the course of a hearing, and submit any statement he wishes. Before a scheduled hearing, the witness may confer with the Committee in confidence. If any citizen feels he has been in any manner wronged, he can demand and get a public hearing in which to state his case.

Finally, how about the cost? It is, as Committee Chairman Francis E. Walter pointed out in the 1959 annual report, relatively insignificant. "A nuclear submarine," said Walter, "costs $49 million, an attack carrier $280 million, a guided missile destroyer $34 million. The Committee operated last year—and made its contribution to our defense effort in the vital field of information and legislation—on a budget of $327,000, a small fraction of the cost of any major weapon in our military arsenal."

The Third World War

The Cost of Algerian Algeria

JAMES BURNHAM

Ideologues deduce policy from a Procrustean net of abstractions. Let the abstraction—Equality, Independence, Free Speech, Free Market, Democracy—triumph, though the community fall! No matter that the abstraction is untimely, irrelevant or self-refuting in practical application! It is Right and must prevail!

Burnham

Segregation in schools is Wrong, because it is an Inequality, alleged source of prejudice and of humiliation of the minority group. *Therefore* it must go—even though the consequences of the attempt to achieve congregation by compulsion is to enflame prejudice, deepen humiliation, embitter the group relations, and slow or reverse existing trends toward genuine equalization.

It is Wrong that the Congo should be a Belgian colony, Right that it should be a Free and Independent nation. *Therefore* it must be freed, right now, even though to free it means to transform a progressive, healthy, solvent, lawful region into a bankrupt, famine-haunted, lawless bedlam of savages.

Algeria, too, must be Free and Independent because, well, because that is Right. No further demonstration is necessary. Let us list a few of the things that a Free and Independent Algeria will mean:

1. An Algerian Algeria, divorced from France, will be ruled by the FLN. This is certain. Not, however, because a majority of the inhabitants of Algeria really want FLN rule. None of the million and a quarter inhabitants of European origin, except for a handful of Communists and traitors, want it. None of the scores of thousands of Jews want it; they are terrified, and rightly, at the prospect. A majority of the nine million Moslems is almost certainly anti-FLN: that is why the FLN terror has been directed primarily against Moslems. But the terrorized Moslems, judging that de Gaulle has capitulated to Ferhat Abbas, no longer dare to take an open stand against the winner. The FLN has led the physical fight for independence; it will cash in.

2. Of the million and a quarter Europeans, at least 900,000 will remove to metropolitan France—probably more, because those who remain will be mere hostages of the FLN. Half of the 400,000 French formerly resident in Morocco have gone to France since that country became independent (1956), with 60,000 more in process of moving. Of the 180,000 Tunisian French, 120,000 have gone to France. The situation in Morocco and Tunis—which, unlike Algeria, have been structured nations for centuries, and have had nothing comparable to the Algerian war—has been far more favorable to the continuing residence of Europeans than will be the case in Algeria. Then, there will be several hundred thousand Moslems (known friends of the French or simply those who do not want to live under the FLN) and several hundred thousand soldiers, 200,000 of whom are specially mobilized for Algerian service.

Economics of Algerian Algeria

3. The members of these bitter, impoverished, uprooted groups who are of working age—half at least—will be thrown on the French labor market, and into the French political arena.

4. Algeria is first of all countries in trade with metropolitan France, accounting in recent years for 16 per cent of the French total. French exports to Algeria have been running about a billion dollars annually; imports, nearly half a billion. The minimum estimate is that this trade will be cut in half.

5. The French development of the Saharan oil and gas fields will be cut off. Oil and gas will again become a major source of economic drain and strategic vulnerability. Even if France still gets the Saharan oil, she will have to pay with foreign exchange reserves instead of internal francs.

6. For France's economy, these predictable consequences will obviously be staggering. For Algeria, it should be added, they will be a Congo-scale catastrophe. Algeria will lose her most competent, trained and productive inhabitants. The trade which amounts to 16 per cent from the French side comes to 80 or 90 per cent from the Algerian. The huge Algerian trade deficit indicated above has been more than filled by French investment and subsidies. In fact, Algeria has been getting relatively more economic and technical aid than any other underdeveloped area in the world.

7. Algeria is at present a zone of NATO. With French power withdrawn, NATO also is automatically eliminated. The entire southern flank of Europe—which is nothing other than the northern coast of Africa—collapses, exposed to the enemy.

While Inside France

8. Within France, the economic and social dislocation will bring political crisis. Most probably, the Fifth Republic will go the way of the Fourth, under combined pressures from Left and Right.

9. Whether Left or Right wins ascendancy, one thing is sure: French opinion will make the United States the scapegoat for Algeria's loss and the subsequent calamities. This attitude will have enough substance to be convincing. Fundamentally, France will be losing Algeria because she no longer has what it takes to keep an empire (however called). But the U.S.—understanding that, and understanding how grave the loss of Algeria must be not merely for France but for the West—could have given the margin of added strength. Instead, with some backing and filling, we have greased the skids. Frenchmen do not forget the 1957 speech, partly ghosted by the son of Habib Bourguiba, in which Senator John F. Kennedy sounded the full ideologue's demand for an Independent Algeria.

Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhh!

There's no getting around it, all small boys would rather play war than Trade Union Congress. That's a good thing, says the author, and tells us why

MICHAEL MASON

An American friend of mine once said to me: "When your children get around to making you play Wild West with them, always try to be one of the Bads. Then, when you get shot, you can lie down and get a bit of rest." That is the true, earthy parental realism. I thought of his words with wistful admiration one summer evening when my elder son, then three, was pursuing me round and round the washing line with brandished forefinger and delighted cries of *"Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhh!"*[1] And as I conducted a fighting retreat in and out among the flapping nappies, going *"Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhh!"* back at him, I found myself, in intervals of wondering how soon I should be felled by a stroke, thinking how funny it was that all little boys so love this kind of thing.

Bathtime brought the slaughter to a merciful close. Slaughter was just about the word, too. In the days when I *was* a soldier, I am proud to say that I was able—I won't say, willing—to run well over a hundred yards at a time; could do it, too, without falling flat on my face with eyes standing out like billiard-balls. But that was an age of epic in my life (to tell the truth, it gets a bit more of an epic every time I tell the tale; at the time, the opinion of my friends was that I was worth a good three men to the other side). And I am not now the man I once was. Twenty minutes of *Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhh!* round the garden had left me looking rather like Marshal Ney at the back end of the Retreat from Moscow, and when my son was finally hauled upstairs to his bath I staggered to the garden bench and sat down, steaming visibly, to crow rhythmically for breath and ponder the matter further.

Because it *is* funny, the way nearly all amiable small boys delight in those banging and bashing games. I was far from being an infant thug, but I devoured bloodthirsty adventure stories like the rest of them, and had a perfect passion for terrific battles with toy soldiers, with swaths of them being mown down right, left and center and huge explosions of artistically fluffed-out cottonwool going up all over the place. And if I'm honest I must admit that when the time comes when my own sons command me to crawl about the floor once more and lead "the Bads" into action, I shall enjoy it every bit as much as when I commanded "the Goods" in those old nursery campaigns of the thirties. And I'm not on my own in this kind of thing. I know a very distinguished doctor who once confided to me that when *his* two were safe in bed and his wife out, he borrowed their Plastic Pirate Pistols and fired them off, Bang, Bang, on in each hand, with the utmost satisfaction. H. G. Wells himself, who used to denounce militarism so passionately, spent hours crawling about on the floor having battles with his friends, with lead soldiers and toy cannon; he even wrote a book describing how the ingenious rules of his battle game worked themselves out, and recounting some of the more noteworthy action fought on his linoleum, with as much gusto as Mr. Winston Churchill writing his war memoirs.

Dire Significance?

What is one to make of all this persistent passion, among perfectly sober citizens both large and small, for playing at banging and bashing? The psychologists have got us thoroughly accustomed to the idea that the child lives on in the man, and that there is great significance in the play of the child; now, what does *this* game signify? Many might say it signified something pretty dire. Take G. K. Chesterton, for example; he was always writing about battles and banners and banging and brandishing; he retained to the end of his days a passion for swordsticks and outsize penknives; his drawings are full of giants being chopped into slices and dwarves being flattened with clubs. Dodge the old-school Freudians on all this and you're still in big trouble. One school of thought implies that this was the disguised and sinister upsurge of the violent and tragic forces which his optimism had tried to deny—that it represents the struggle of a man who should have grown up to pretend he needn't. And another school of thought has maintained that it was the sign of a real, basic, perpetual childishness—a rather pathetic ignorance, more than a denial, of life's brutal realities. Either way, you see a bad business.

It is, admittedly, all very odd. Anyone who knows anything about war at first hand knows that it is something more dreadful than can easily be described; a thing from which any sane adult prays to be delivered. "If you had ever seen one day of war," said the Duke of Wellington, who knew what he was talking about and was not given to rhetoric, "you would pray God you might never see another." Yet military pageantry genuinely stirs not only the little boy blissfully unwrapping a Christmas present of a Wyatt Earp Buntline Special, or a box of Guardsmen and Highlanders, but also the grown man who knows something of war's realities, when he watches the Trooping of the Color or hears the haunting notes of Last Post. Are the children simply showing an unfortunate glimpse of the bad side of their coming adulthood, or the adults simply retaining unpleasant traits of their childhood?

For there is a quite simple answer to this puzzle—I'll call it the Ad-

[1] English variation. I am reliably informed that the American usage is Powwwwwwwww! Powwwwwwwww!

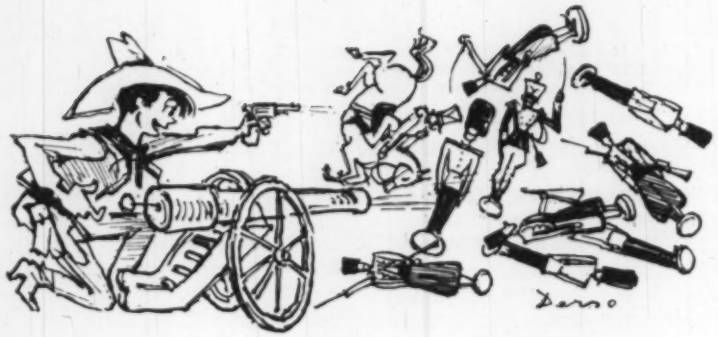
vanced answer—which says that the whole mythology and iconography of conflict, from the white Stetson of the hero in the early Westerns to the banners of the Windsor Garter Chapel and the proud Arthurian title of the Battle of Britain, is just the symbolism of something bad, like answering back to Government officials, which ought to be put down and got rid of.

"I suppose you're really quite right," you say soberly, thinking of what violence is really like. And then, later on, you suddenly realize that what seems at first glance so obviously right, so obviously righteous a position, is in fact a disastrous oversimplification; the familiar trap of prescribing for men with reference to some tidy blueprint of what they ought to be, instead of learning from the weird, rich and continually disconcerting 3-D picture of what they actually are.

The Tidying-Up Approach

There is a short story by Saki which pins down with ruthless comedy this particular moment of truth. Some "advanced" parents, struck by a newspaper article on the iniquitous and antisocial implications of lead soldiers and toy cannon, determine to disinfect the imaginations of their offspring with "the toys of peace." Their sons, appalled, are presented with a replica of the Manchester branch of the YWCA instead of a fort; with little ballot-boxes instead of cannon; with sanitary inspectors and district councillors instead of Grenadier Guards and Zouaves; and finally, by a masterstroke of macabre inappropriateness, instead of generals and admirals, with improving historical personages such as John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Hemans. But the lurid imagination of the eternal awful boy soon triumphs over these obstacles; and the parents discover John Stuart Mill, transformed into Louis the Fifteenth, storming and sacking the YWCA in order to carry off Mrs. Hemans-Dubarry, with Tarquin's ravishing stride, to a fate worse than death.

I think there's more in this story than the healthy pleasure we all take in refusing to be improved by those who improve people. It's perfectly fair comment on the basic inade-



quacy of what I'll call the tidying-up approach to the problem of our undeniable thrill in the presence of the warlike. There *would* be something rather awful about a small boy who found playing at municipal elections more fun than playing cowboys and Indians or spacemen and Things From Mars. True, it is not only nonsense, but diabolical nonsense, to justify *Pchhhhhhhh Pchhhhhhhh!* as the Fascists did, by saying that war is a jolly fine thing, and braces us up no end. If you seriously think like that for one moment, then you just haven't grown up at all, in certain very important and very unpleasant ways. Or again, to translate the military virtues out of their own special and subordinate social context, into that of civil society as a whole, or that of diplomacy—this is, similarly, to produce a crude oversimplification of human realities which is far worse than the one I am criticizing: it is to produce the sociology and politics of Fascism.

Original Sin?

But it won't do, either, to try and kid anybody—least of all, small boys—that the story of how Mr. X swayed the vital card vote at the Trade Union Congress of '49 will ever have quite the same kick in it as that of how Nelson broke the line at Trafalgar, or how the Light Brigade rode into the Valley of Death at Balaclava. So are we to write the whole thing off in despair, then, as so much original sin? Are we to say that the military myth, with its strange polarity of squalor and glory, horror and grandeur, nobility and brutality, is just another example of our deplorable tendency to have a soft spot for things for which we ought not to?

I think that such an answer misses the whole point of *Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhh!* As G. K. Chesterton pointed out, to take pleasure in hurting people is, precisely, *not* one of the soldierly virtues, but a vice of the unsoldierly. The essence of *Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhh!* is not killing, but the capacity to respond to conflict with exhilaration; the soldier's glory lies not in the fact that he kills, but in the fact that he exposes himself to being killed in the service of a just cause; and his coat of many colors is one among many natural expressions of the supernatural truth that he who will save his life must be ready to give it up.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, member of a religious order founded by a soldier, saw this when he wrote:

> Mark Christ our King. He knows war, served this soldiering through;
> He of all can reeve a rope best. There he bides in bliss
> Now, and seeing somewhere some man do all that man can do,
> For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,
> And cry "O Christ-done deed! So God-made-flesh does too;
> Were I come o'er again" cries Christ "it should be this"

—though it is to be noted that, as one would expect of a Jesuit, Hopkins was no romantic idealist: he was as fully aware as Kipling that "single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints," and says so bluntly enough in the same poem.

But *Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhh!* is connected with original sin all right, though not in the way I have just described. The medieval writers on chivalry were quite explicit about the connection; they made the first

of the knights "Messire Saint Michael," and they said that the first deed of arms ever done was when he sorted out the devil's duff for him a bit sharpish-like (to put it in the language of the ranks), and hurled him and his divisions out of heaven. That particular war, according to the medieval theologians, was the start of the long conflict which spread to earth through the fall of man and has continued ever since—the war of Goods versus Bads, as the nursery so rightly puts it; of the soldiers of God (however disreputable and unreliable) against the powers of darkness. In principle all the pageantry of the soldier, his flags and thundering drums, his chestful of gold lace and medals, his moustaches and his swagger—all this is because, ideally, he defends the peace of hearth and home against "the Bads," and does that hard, self-sacrificing and testing thing in the only way it can be done: with a flourish. However many so-called righteous causes have in historic fact been more or less shoddy, as human life so frequently is, it still remains true that the ideal fighter is the chivalrous servant of a just cause, who, in Oliver Cromwell's words, "Knows what he fights for and loves what he knows." The ideal of the military profession is that of courageously accepting the ineradicable element of violence in the human situation, and trying to channel it rationally into a defense of civilized order against the dark powers that work through men.

War and Peace

We tend to forget that in the course of history this confused and fumbling defense does produce results. Whatever the then iniquities of the British political and social system, Wellington did win at Waterloo a victory for the open society against the sterile rigidity of personal absolutism. Whatever the villainies of America's later buccaneer tycoons, the winning of the War of Independence did bring to birth new possibilities for human freedom. Whatever the cruelties of the Tudors, Henry VII's victory at Bosworth did ultimately mean that the English countryside was no longer to be devastated by the private armies of the rich. The periodic enormous setbacks in the slow human struggle toward order must not blind us to the fact that gains are made. But neither must we forget that the order of peace, once achieved, does not kick away from under itself the rational force on which it was built. All peace is maintained by war of some kind, somewhere, just as a cathedral is held up by the balanced thrust and stress of its architecture. The national soldier, dedicated (in theory at least) to defending the integrity of the frontier of a legitimate community, is a historic symbol of this fundamental reality of the human situation, as is the sheriff and his posse, or the detective, or the tiger hunter. The international soldier of the future may one day realize the ultimate maturity of military virtue—a discipline so highly developed and intelligent that it can accept steadily the strain of perpetual readiness for an emergency which that preparedness perpetually precludes. The fact that few soldiers achieve such a maturity does not invalidate the honorable ultimate ideals of the profession of arms, any more than the Christian ideal is made false by the fact that saints are rare.

A Flourish of Trumpets

All this is, I think, why the small boys are right with their *Pchhhhhhhh! Pchhhhhhhhh!*, and their parade of the little lead figures across the floor in all the panache of scarlet and blue and gold, and why the *avant-garde* are wrong if they try to get them to play Wages Tribunals instead of Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham. In this life you cannot choose whether you will fight or not; but you can choose who you will fight, and how, and why, and whether you will fight chivalrously, with that flourish of trumpets which should attend on the dignity of all that man does. Perhaps, indeed, that final element of flamboyance and magnificence is one of the wisest things the toy soldiers have to teach. If there is indeed childishness in facing whatever may come with belts blancoed and all brass highly polished, it is, I think, not wholly unconnected with the kind of childishness which, so it is written, takes the kingdom of heaven by storm.

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Letter from South America

Why the Anti-Americanism?

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The writer of these lines had an easy task ferreting out reasons for anti-American feelings in Latin America because he is not a *gringo*, but an *Austriaco*—which, south of the Rio Grande, is practically the same as being a German, who is truly popular in this part of the world. The Germans work hard, keep their promises, marry local girls and, above all, have been licked in two world wars. The South American loves everything tragic and distrusts success stories. Christ is almost always represented as the Man of Sorrows, only rarely in his Resurrection.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

What then are the causes for these widespread anti-American sentiments? Certainly the situation should not be overdramatized, since anti-Americanism has its definite limits in breadth and depth. South Americans do not hate Americans to the extent that they would prefer Russian rule to "Yankee Imperialism." The handicaps from which Americans suffer in their dealings with South America are numerous and of the most diverse types. Some can, others can not, be remedied or eliminated.

Let us begin with the basic fact that the United States forms a gigantic continental island in the world sea, and that its spiritual-cultural ancestor is Britain, another island. To the British, the most alien, incomprehensible and mysterious European countries are those geographically most remote from them: Russia to the east and Spain to the south. The United States has, unfortunately, inherited much of this British inability to comprehend the Hispanic world. The difficulties begin with the sly pitfalls of the deceptively easy seeming Spanish language. *Compromiso* means "obligation," *suceso* is just an "event" without any implication of success, *éxito* means "success," a *semanario* is a "weekly" and not a place for priests-to-be, and so forth.

Point two is the general American misconception of the "unity of mankind," derived from the misleading experience of having assimilated so many immigrants. They, or at least their children, became good Americans, and this is taken as proof that mankind is one and that all people can be fitted into one pattern. Yet, Americans no less than the British constantly oscillate between two contradictory attitudes: the above mentioned "unitarianism" and an uneasy contempt for those who cannot conform racially.

This dualism—point three on our list—is frequently connected with an idealistic but more or less blind enthusiasm for the underdog abroad. So many Americans one finds in Central America are ardent advocates of the expropriation of pure Spanish landowners (or businessmen).

Number four: North Americans so often maintain an outwardly friendly, benevolent, and at the same time condescending attitude toward South American "natives," whatever their racial background. This South Americans intuitively feel and resent. A frozen smile and "kindness" won't do. What most North Americans seem to lack is pleasure in this globe's radical diversity—or at least acquiescence in the fact that aliens simply are not Americans who happen to speak another language.

The Tourist

Number five is the American tourist, not half as bad as his reputation, but still careless about his clothes (he is apt to dress in Lima or Bogota as he would never dress in New York or Washington), reluctant to speak Spanish (although even an abortive effort would be duly honored), furious about the timelessness and procrastination of what, after all, is an *Old* World civilization not yet dominated by the watch.

Number six brings us to the external appearance of Americans—tall, healthy, muscular, with booming voices, imparting an impression of physical superiority. Northerners of all continents and climes strike southerners as unprepossessing and elephantine.

Point seven is the American tendency to establish "golden ghettoes"—to take over the most expensive hotels which are financially out of reach of the average native, to establish their clubs, to restrict their contacts with the local population and not to intermarry with them.

Exaggerated Racism

Eighth on our list is the American reputation (much exaggerated to be sure) for slighting racial groups, from the "dirty white" to the pronouncedly colored. This is a tendency strongly resented in Latin America, where color reaches into the higher middle class and sometimes even to the political, if not the social top.

Number nine is the entire history of American intervention and aid in Latin America, often given with the the best intentions, yet frequently betraying a heavy hand. It is terrifying to think how often these actions have boomeranged in Mexico, in Cuba, in Bolivia, and elsewhere.

And finally—number ten—the American companies. In their vast majority they exercise a sane paternalism and usually pay much better wages than the local enterprises; their general record is such that Americans need not be ashamed of it. Yet there are certain forces at work driving wedges between North and South Americans, and ill will, jealousy, and envy being what they are, the American companies will inevitably become the targets of that nationalist-Communist synthesis which characterized Nazi Germany and still survives sentimentally in Latin America.

Can something constructive be done about these points? In some cases yes, in others no, since North and South Americans are only thinly united by a common Christian civilization (without a common doctrine) and the geographic accident of a narrow land bridge linking the two continents.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Which Way for JFK?

One of the more galling by-products of an age of mass television democracy and the loose rhetoric spawned by its educational system is the increasing difficulty we have in judging a public man by his public words. The problem is somewhat analogous to that of a speculator operating in a market with broad public participation. He may know the economic factors involved in a given decision and be solidly prepared to make a judgment and risk his money on that judgment; but the economic factors will affect the market in the short run only as they affect popular psychology; and the judgment of the speculator therefore must be based not upon fundamental factors but upon the effect of fundamental factors on indifferently informed minds.

Meyer

The political analyst faces the same kind of problem, if somewhat in reverse. The speeches and official statements of public figures are no longer, like those of a Washington or a Jefferson, a Lincoln or a Douglas, even a Wilson or a Theodore Roosevelt, directed primarily to the most persuasive presentation of a position for an audience whose decisive members possessed at least modest training in logic and rhetoric and almost all of whom had been educated in schools which reinforced common sense rather than devaluing it. Today they are filtered through the techniques of "mass communications experts" and conditioned by a political climate in which imprecision, bland self-contradiction, and grandiose meaninglessness have set the style of public utterance.

With all this said, the fact remains that for any prognosis of the Administration of John F. Kennedy about all we have to go on, as this is written, are his words, primarily his Inaugural Address. His actions, apart from a gimmick or two like the RB-47 stunt, to date consist only in the appointments he has made: a predominant representation of left-wing ideologues (Bowles, Kennan, Stevenson, Schlesinger, Murrow) with a judicious sprinkling of capable bureaucratic technicians from the foundations, education, the managerial stratum (Rusk, Dillon, McNamara).

This amalgam which at first sight appears somewhat haphazard, is, however, very suggestive of the shape of the Administration when it is taken in conjunction with the rhetoric of Kennedy's pronouncements. The Inaugural Address, which has been hailed by bemused journalists, poets, courtiers of the Establishment—and by many who ought to know better—in the most absurd of hyperbolic comparisons to Augustus, Emerson, Lincoln, was, in fact, a similar amalgam.

There were such unexceptionable statements as "I believe that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state, but from the hand of God," and "Let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house." But when the President came to grips with operative principles, he spoke in the purest accents of Liberalism. He betrayed his own, and perpetuated the nation's, deep misapprehension of the very nature of Communism, when he said: "Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us"; when he called upon "both sides [to] join in creating . . . a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved"; and when he exhorted us to cooperate to "push back the jungles of suspicion."

The hard truth about Communism which our new President, like our old, refuses to face is that we have nothing, nor can we have anything, that will "unite" us with the Communists; that Communism is absolutely alien philosophically—one might almost say theologically—to the very concept of justice, to the very concept of any peace but the peace of the graveyard where Communism would reign supreme over the world.

Ignorance of the nature of the world struggle with Communism dominates the address and inspires its principal operative concepts: acquiescence in the anti-Western "national" revolution, even support for it; dependence upon a world-wide program of bribery, in the spirit of the New Deal domestic program, as our main reliance for security and survival; abject, blind, all-encompassing rejection of reality—the hard, cold, inescapable reality that the only alternatives open to us are victory or defeat.

Early as it is, and despite the difficulties created by modern political rhetoric, I think one can predict fairly clearly the major lines of policy of the new Administration. There will be much talk of the great challenge of Communism, much drum-beating about frontiers and missions; but there will be no firm anti-Communist policy. Instead there will be a grandiose shadow-boxing endeavor in which Communism will be the excuse for massive unproductive expenditures of energy and money in every farflung corner of the globe. There will be no Rooseveltian Hundred Days of dramatic extension of domestic welfarism. Instead the Galbraithian prescription of increasing the sphere of government power and contracting the sphere of the individual's control over his own life and fortunes, will be implemented by welfarism on a world scale, while in the real war we continue to lose position after position to Communism. And underlying everything, the main motif of the Administration will be inexorably pursued: to achieve what the *New Republic's* T.R.B. so trenchantly and admiringly calls "Kennedy's real goal . . . to achieve a transition to . . . Presidential rule, . . . to activist government."

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Claremont Colleges

Many of the small colleges of these United States have their backs to the wall; every year they find it harder to adjust their budgets to rising costs. For the most part, the churches which founded many of them do not support them so heartily as once they did; the tremendous state universities and colleges, with their tuition-rates set far below cost of instruction, can offer a cheaper education; the famous athletic teams and many of the amenities of college life, "the second curriculum," are superior at the big places; while specialization, particularly in the sciences, makes it harder for the small college to find competent professors and to pay for expensive equipment.

Kirk

A principal virtue of the old-fashioned little American college has been its humane scale. The college was a community, and it deserved affection. "We learn to love the little platoon we belong to in society," Edmund Burke wrote once. The big battalions of Behemoth University do not evoke quite the same emotion.

If the small independent colleges are to survive, they must offer, in addition to their humane scale, something that Behemoth cannot. A number of them make this endeavor through building up great strength in some one department; others by an appeal to denominational loyalty; some by lowering their standards, so as to accept students that even Behemoth would not accept.

Another means by which some of them, fortunately situated, may survive and even prosper in our time is to club together, two or three or four of them forming a loose confederation for common advantage, pooling certain resources but retaining their distinct character as colleges for instruction and residence. This, the ancient and still vigorous pattern of Oxford and Cambridge, has been most successfully adopted in America by the Claremont Colleges.

In the very pleasant and shady and well-to-do town of Claremont, in southern California (now, alas, at the edge of the Greater Los Angeles smog-zone), five colleges make one of the most charming and intelligent educational patterns in the country. The residential colleges are Pomona, Scripps, Claremont Men's, and Harvey Mudd. Pomona, the oldest, is a very good co-educational liberal arts college. Scripps is a girls' college, with a high reputation in the arts, a luxuriant little campus, and perhaps the prettiest students in the land. Claremont Men's specializes in training for leadership in government and business. Harvey Mudd, the newest, is a first-rate engineering college. These four unite, after a fashion, to form a kind of holding company, Claremont College, which manages Claremont Graduate School and the common library of the colleges.

So Claremont has, in substance, a little university—as big, indeed, as some British universities. By a loose federation, the constituent colleges can afford a very good library, a reputable graduate school, and a variety of special curricula. Wide differences of opinion and method exist among the colleges—which is all to the good of proliferating variety. Retaining the humane scale, they escape the dismal effect of mass-education, with its unwieldy student-body and its standardized mode of instruction. If there is need for expansion, they can bring in another college, with its own president, faculty, and residence-halls, rather than crowding their present facilities.

Although the state of California has the most gigantic apparatus of higher education in the United States, a good many private colleges still thrive—among them even some newcomers of promise, like Westmont, at Santa Barbara. And the Regents of the University of California, who control after a fashion the whole tremendous state apparatus, are now engaged in systematizing their array of university campuses, university branches, state colleges and junior colleges. A hierarchy is being established among the state institutions, so that the less able students will be accepted only by the community college and state (formerly teachers') colleges, and graduate studies will be concentrated at the big Berkeley and Los Angeles campuses.

No Counterpart

With all the loose talk among us about "the right to a college education," it is curious that the Claremont system has no precise counterpart anywhere, and that no other state as yet has tried to establish some order in its confused system of higher instruction. Most states suffer from a jealous competition for funds between the state university and the state agricultural college, and perhaps between both of these and the teachers' colleges. In Montana, for instance, with its sparse population, there exist four state teachers' colleges in addition to the state university and the state (agricultural) college; and state funds are allocated to them on the basis of simple enrollment, as if a university, with its graduate schools and big library, had no needs superior to those of a normal school.

Only a handful of our private colleges and universities, from Maine to California, are really what they ought to be; and no state university, not even California or Michigan, makes proper use of its resources. Many of our smaller private colleges try to be all things to all men, offering curricula for which they have neither competent teachers not adequate books in the library; while most of our state institutions are ready and eager to invent new courses for the mentally underprivileged undergraduate. A half-dozen more Claremonts, and a few more reorganizations like that of California's state system, and we might begin to put substance into our educational bragging.

Three Poems

ROBERT CREELEY

The Figures

The stillness
of the wood,
the figures formed

by hands so still
they touched it
to be one

hand holding one
hand, faces
without eyes,

bodies of wooden
stone, so still
they will not move

from that quiet
action ever
again. Did the man

who made them find
a like quiet? In
the act of making them

it must have been
so still he heard the wood
and felt it with his hands

moving into
the forms
he has given to them,

one by singular
one, so quiet,
so still.

The Name

Be natural
wise
as you can be,
my daughter,

let my name
be in you flesh
I gave you
in the act of

loving your mother,
all your days
her ways,
the woman in you

brought from
sensuality's measure,
no other,
there was no thought

of it but such
pleasure all women
must be in her,
as you. But not wiser,

not more of nature
than her hair,
the eyes
she gives you.

There will not be another
woman such as you
are. Remember
your mother,

the way you came,
the days of waiting.
Be natural,
daughter, wise

as you can be,
all my daughters,
be women
for men

when that time comes.
Let the rhetoric
stay with me
your father. Let

me talk about it,
saving you such
vicious self-
exposure, let you

pass it on
in you. I can not
be more than the man
who watches.

A Wish

So much rain
to make the mud again,
trees green
and flowers also.

The water which
ran up the sun
and down again,
it is the same.

A man of supple
yielding manner
might, too, discover
ways of water.

Retreat in Algeria

THOMAS MOLNAR

De Gaulle's prestige and popularity with the Left in France and in the United States is in direct proportion to his tragic failure to give the Algerian problem a French solution. In 1958 the General had an opportunity, unique in history, to integrate Algeria with France, bring about the cooperation of Bourguiba and King Mohammed V, and isolate the FLN. One can only make a more or less intelligent guess as to why, with slow deliberation, he missed his chances one by one.

By the time he visited Algeria in December the population and the army were completely demoralized. He stepped on a soil which he had done everything to alienate; and at the same time, he also managed to humiliate the enemy whose peace-feelers he had scorned last summer at the inconclusive Melun conference. At that time he told them they had to "drop their knives" before negotiations could get started; now, as a Christmas present to the FLN, de Gaulle made it crystal clear that he was opposed to integration and even spoke of an "Algerian Republic." Instead of dropping their knives, the FLN answered by calling out their terrorists and agitators to step into the vacuum created by thirty months' ambiguities and misplaced Machiavellism. What they could not obtain at the conference table of Melun, the rebels took by force in the streets of Algiers. Even the *New York Times* recognized that de Gaulle's policy had "been nothing but a very skillful retreat."

This is the tragedy of Algeria. It is recounted now in two books, *Ordeal in Algeria*, by Richard and Joan Brace and *Algeria, Rebellion and Revolution*, by Joan Gillespie. The tone of Miss Gillespie's book is well reflected in an excerpt of a letter she wrote home from Conakry, capital of Guinea: "This morning I have wakened to the sound of song in the streets. . . . The government's '*investissement humain*,' a campaign of voluntary labor to clean up the streets, build roads, remodel villages. . . . It is almost a holiday occasion." It never occurred to her that what she saw in pro-Soviet Sekou Touré's capital was not voluntary but forced labor, as it does not occur to her to observe the canons of scholarly objectivity in her book, a Ph.D. thesis at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

Ordeal in Algeria, by Richard and Joan Brace. Van Nostrand, $6.75
Algeria, Rebellion and Revolution, by Joan Gillespie. Praeger, $6.75.

Someone's sympathy for a cause, even if opposed to ours, may be respectable. We can imagine how an American girl, traveling in Africa, "is swallowed up," as Miss Gillespie writes, "in her rain, her heat, her intrigue, her charming intriguers"; and how, thus predisposed, she finds the FLN a band of courageous men, fighting for freedom and country. The scandal begins when she denies all legitimacy to the European settlers' position, minimizes the deep loyalty of millions of Moslems, quotes exclusively Leftist sources, considers Sartre an authority on Algeria, and so on. Even the three hundred horribly mutilated and massacred Arabs of Melouza (1955) do not make Miss Gillespie reconsider: in her scrupulously thorough account of torture by the French army, she is not ashamed to include the suspicion that the French were responsible even for this FLN-created Algerian Lidice. Her informants may congratulate themselves on how quickly she learned.

The Braces' book is unquestionably more reliable; but it too is stamped with that quality of political naiveté which characterizes so many of our writers on political issues, when they go beyond the study of some legal document, treaty or constitution to deal with national feelings, ideologies, complex human relations. The readers' impression is that such authors are honest, well-meaning, scrupulous students who have taken the requisite number of courses in political science, have traveled on the spot, and wish to be impartial as well as informative. Only one thing is missing: a rich concept of human beings and the understanding of politics as a mirror image of reality.

Mr. Brace calls the famous Kennedy speech of July 1957 on Algeria an "educational effort." Of course, when university professors dabble in politics, senators may be forgiven for wanting to educate. Yet this and other educational efforts ought to include more than the few selected and simplified issues to which they usually limit themselves. But the Kennedy speech, the two books under consideration, and, for that matter, de Gaulle's policy itself, all seem to be directed at one thing only: getting rid of a problem regardless of the human sacrifice involved, and without an intelligent plan for the aftermath. In desperate impatience to catch up with the "wind of history," everything is given to the FLN and only the form and date of the gift are discussed. Defeatist propaganda casts gloom over the hopeful aspects of the situation and veils the frightening prospects in pink clouds.

Thus Mr. Brace quotes Raymond Aron's pessimistic predictions about the Algerian economy, but not the refutation offered by the Constantine Plan. He deals at length with French and rebel military operations, but does not mention that pacification is near-complete and that the FLN is limited to terrorist acts; or that whatever Moslem support of the

FLN exists stems not from the latter's popularity but from de Gaulle's weakness in yielding to the rebels and thus building up their prestige. Miss Gillespie similarly distorts the facts when she asserts that Algeria has formed for centuries "an ethnic, cultural and sometimes political entity," when the truth is that Ferhat Abbas himself was unable to find a trace of an Algerian fatherland "in history, among the living, in the cemeteries."

THE TRUTH which the Liberal historians and *Realpolitiker* pass over in silence is that Balkanization on a gigantic scale is being made ready for all Africa. The West, encouraged and spurred on by a cynical East, is creating stillborn "nation states," unable to provide for themselves and already torn by internal and ideological dissensions—"states" that dream of conquests even before they have developed a national identity. In Central Africa tribal loyalties are tearing asunder the West-imposed edifice; in Algeria, or rather in the entire Maghreb, de Gaulle is clearing away a dependable French reality, which can only be replaced by racial, political and economic chaos, lasting perhaps a century. While he pontificates from the Elysée Palace and his Delphic pronouncements help sharpen the terrorists' knives, Nasser, Touré, Keita, Nkrumah, the shadowy forces of "revolutionary Africa" (as the French Leftist press ambiguously and admiringly calls them) prepare for the kill.

The Braces' and Miss Gillespie's books (significantly, the latter is brought "up to date" by Lorna Hahn, self-appointed FLN ambassador to American panel discussions on Algeria) are saddled with the Liberal prejudices of the *terrible simplificateurs*, the ferocious utopians of the nineteenth century. They are ready to believe FLN promises of tolerance rather than French order and achievement, even while Ferhat Abbas speaks of driving out two-thirds of the European population and his men burn down and loot the synagogues of Algiers. Yet the Braces call theirs a "more logical and responsible world position" than that of the French who, in their turn, are described as "using more force and more repression in its most brutal sense." I am quoting the last sentence in the Braces' book; in its blindness it well symbolizes the ultimate in the moral and political idiocy of the West.

Books of Interest

The Black Book, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton, $4.95). Unpublished here until this year, Durrell's first novel: a steamy, uneven affair that seems to have been written drifting between *The Tropic of Cancer* and *The Tropic of Capricorn.*

Parodies, edited by Dwight Macdonald (Random House, $7.50). From Chaucer on a contemporary to a contemporary on Kerouac—plus, as lagniappe, the untouched text of an Eisenhower speech and the dying words of Dutch Schultz.

The Magic Christian, by Terry Southern (Random House, $3.00). The work of a young man who only leaves left field to go to Birdland, this is a novel thought wildly comic by those who like it way out there.

Lament for a Generation, by Ralph de Toledano (Farrar, $3.95). The political and spiritual odyssey of a sensitive and knowledgeable man through the crowded decades of the mid-century.

Hummingbirds, by Crawford H. Greenewalt (Doubleday, $22.50). Beautiful photographs of frozen flight and an illuminating text, all by an amateur of hummingbirds, the president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

The Celebrity and the Gentleman

E. DIGBY BALTZELL

THE PATHOLOGY of modern American life and leadership is most sadly seen in the rapid erosion of privacy, certainly an essential aspect of all high civilization. Privacy is unknown in primitive cultures. Lewis Mumford has often stressed the fact that privacy is the creature of civilization and its decline indicative of a reversion to barbarism. The term "courting," he once wrote, originated in the sixteenth century when wit and charm as well as physical passion became part of love-making in court society where private rooms were available for the first time. He also has pointed out that modern architecture's love of free-flowing space at the expense of doors and walls, the suburban developer's love of picture-windows facing the neighbors if not the passing crowd, as well as the decline of the parlor in favor of the automobile and movie-house as courting atmospheres, are all part of an age dominated by public-relations barbarians in Brooks Brothers suits.

Perhaps only a people who had lost all sense of privacy would have consented to discuss their intimate sexual life with a zoologist who subsequently became America's most famous social scientist, when he rescued sex from the privacy of the bedroom and placed it on statistical tables for all to see and compare with their own experiences. And it was surely no accident that the late Dr. Kinsey was most severely criticized for his biased sample, which of course contained a disproportionate number of cases from the enlightened and educated classes rather than the ignorant masses, who presumably had more of a sense of privacy and were therefore harder to interview.

Who Killed Society? by Cleveland Amory. Harper, $5.00

Cleveland Amory's *Who Killed Society?* is an amusing, chatty, name-dropping, exhaustive and sometimes suggestive saga of the war between privacy and publicity in America. Although he made his well-deserved reputation with a sympathetic and charming study of Proper Bostonians who were still guarding their privacy

long after their sense of sin had slipped away, this latest book is the story of rootless men and women of talent and ability whose social world centers around New York and Washington and is ruled by the guardians of "Publi-ciety." His central theme is that Society with a capital "S," where money and family once ruled supreme, has gradually been replaced by "Publi-ciety," where publicity and the "name" name has taken over. In this new world, millionaires are a dime a dozen, "contacts" have replaced "background," publicists and gossip columnists have replaced genealogists and society editors, and journalists who a generation ago received their guest lists—if they got them at all—via spies or at the back door now receive invitations to dinner and in many cases have cars sent for them by their hostesses. Whereas the favored few used to have affairs behind closed doors, some even enjoying the delights accompanying a sense of sin, in our age when public relations have made private relations old hat, nobody now gives a damn who you sleep with—or where—as long as you dine with the right people, in the right restaurants, and with the right columnist at an adjoining table.

Cleveland Amory is an author who knows all there is to know about his subject. But he who tells all is a bore, and one hates to think how many nostalgic, proper octogenarian gentlewomen (with souls as hard as nails) he must have talked and gossiped with in the seven years he spent gathering the anecdotes for this book. There is, however, an underlying theme to the book, which is important, well-documented and interesting, but unfortunately underplayed, because, I think, public relations and sales appeal demanded it. In other words, the book is written on two levels. On the surface and emphasized for promotion purposes, it is a book primarily about publicity-seeking personalities—mostly effeminate men and asexual women—who once made up the "400," or Society with a capital "S," and now make up Café Society or what the

author calls "Publi-ciety." Actually, as he points out, nobody killed Society; it has only changed its form and name. Publicity and shallow values were the stock-in-trade of Ward McAllister, *the* Mrs. Astor (which one I could not possibly recall) and the other dominant dames of the Society era; the same shallow values, perhaps more vulgarly and more blatantly displayed, are still the stock-in-trade of *the* Mrs. Mesta, *the* Miss Maxwell, Cholly Knickerbocker No. 1 and No. 2 and the 35 society editors who now swarm over Washington cocktail parties. The "gossip truth," after all, has held sway among the fashionable in America from Tocqueville's day to this.

In addition to this detailed study of the changing modes of fashionable society, which appropriately ends its tale of suicide, divorce and boredom with a discussion of seven unsolved and hushed-up Society murders, the underlying theme is a discussion of the aristocratic idea in egalitarian America. In contrast to the fashionable world of effeminate men and masculine women (Miss Maxwell of course never had time for sex: "I wouldn't subject myself to it. I never was interested for one minute, ever. I married the world—the world is my husband. Sex is the most tiring thing in the world."), Amory rightly points out that an aristocracy is always dominated by men. The aristocrat's castles are his home and his club (invaded by women since World War II), and he more often than not feels ill-at-ease in a café or ballroom as well as at the majority of chatty cocktail parties. His values are built upon family, potency, pride, privilege and, above all, privacy.

As a welcome escape from the world of the *professional* socialite (the aristocrat in America is unfortunately often referred to as a socialite) and the celebrity, a minor part of this book does an excellent job on the gentleman in America. Amory shows how American society can stand up to, and even surpass, aristocratic Europe when it comes to producing a core of aristocratic families. Even in the decade of the 1950s, for example, *Mayflower*-descended Robert Fiske Bradford was Governor of Massachusetts, Sinclair Weeks Secretary of Commerce, Robert Cutler Assistant to the President, Christian Herter Secretary of State, one Lodge Ambassador to the United Nations and his brother Governor of Connecticut and Ambassador to Spain, John Cabot Ambassador to Brazil and another Cabot perhaps the country's No. 1 Marshall Plan authority, one Saltonstall in the Senate and another the head of Exeter Academy, Charles Francis Adams the head of Raytheon, and a Lowell a Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry (eleven Cabots listed in the 1960 edition of *Who's Who*).

This book, then, is an excellent and definitive study of both the celebrity and the aristocrat; it is too bad that its title, its tone of anecdote and the sales pitch of its publishers all lay such stress on the former at the expense of the latter. But perhaps this is because our egalitarian ideology allows room for the self-made celebrity while dismissing the aristocrat as beyond the democratic pale. Yet, in the long run, even the most successful celebrities, who so often end up in a consuming self-hate, long for some kind of aristocratic privacy. Thus Billy Rose, celebrity *par excellence*, has finally grown tired of running in public. When *Life* magazine in 1958 wished to run a fourteen-page spread on his house, he refused, saying, "I have outgrown that sort of thing. I am trying to be a gentleman."

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The Right Questions

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

MICHAEL LINDSAY does not attempt to provide a clear yes-or-no answer to the question that forms the title of his superlative new book, *Is Peaceful Co-existence Possible?* For the immediate future, he thinks the prospects of peaceful coexistence not good; over the long haul, he is more hopeful. And it is perhaps not too great an oversimplification to say that he believes the outlook for peaceful coexistence is poor at present because the Communists will not answer his questions, while he believes that in time the outlook will improve because eventually they will.

Is Peaceful Co-Existence Possible? by Lord Lindsay of Birker. Michigan State, $5.00

Lord Lindsay's extended essay is a long and reasoned exercise in the asking of questions. In August of 1956, while he was teaching at the Australian National University in Canberra, he was struck by an idea. He proposed to write out a statement of the non-Communist case for suspicion of the Communist powers—to put in plain language the reasons why the West fears and distrusts the Communist East. As a second step, he proposed that someone on the Communist side prepare a critical examination and reply to his statement, in which the Communist case for suspicion of the non-Communist powers would be set forth with the same candor and clarity.

Out of subsequent exchanges, he hoped, there would emerge a clearly defined statement of the mutual problem; suspicions that were clearly groundless might be separated from suspicions with more reason to support them; and some progress might be made toward exploring changes in policy that would remove the basis for suspicion. Because all this would be done by intellectuals and not by diplomats, no governmental commitments of any sort would be made.

The Red Chinese government at Peiping at first seemed receptive to the project. Lindsay was asked to submit his statement to a vice president of the Chinese People's Institute of International Affairs. Some months later, in the spring of 1957, he also received encouragement from the Soviet Academy of Sciences in Moscow. But once the Communists had examined his paper, an abrupt silence descended. In the absence of any other explanation, Lindsay's surmise appears entirely valid: The Communist intellectuals found it impossible to respond directly to a case prepared with such devastating skill. Lindsay's questions were embarrassing; and they were so framed that evasive answers would have been identified immediately as such. At

From the immediate and overwhelming response to

THE MOULDING OF COMMUNISTS

The Training of the Communist Cadre

by Frank S. Meyer

"The material in this book provides fascinating food for thought on the movement's inherent dilemmas." —ALEXANDER DALLIN, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

"This is a book worth careful study. Yet it reads easily and offers illuminating points for almost everybody interested in finding out more about the Other World which is Marxism-Leninism."—PAUL JONES, *Philadelphia Bulletin*

"Now a major new work has appeared that commands a place beside Koestler and Chambers . . . The implications of his analyses are far-reaching and will shatter many a current illusion . . . makes a complex subject clear, vivid and urgent."—NEIL MCCAFFREY, *The Brooklyn Tablet*

"A very important book . . . a precise analysis of that major development of the human psyche which is shaking our world to fragments. With human sympathy, yet a transcendent loyalty to the ideals that Communists are so effectively undermining, Mr. Meyer explores the depths and strengths and weaknesses of that 'Communist man' who is shadowy in most Western minds, but who looms all too real and solid on the battlefield of history."—*Richmond News Leader*

"A testimony offered from personal experience, a probing search into what went and goes on in the minds of people who, like the author, spent the formative years of their lives under Communist Party discipline . . . This book should be ranked among the few that have really illuminated the phenomenon of Communism from within . . . profound and lucid."—GERHART NIEMEYER, *National Review*

"An important book and a brilliant one."—WILLARD EDWARDS, *Chicago Tribune*

"The finest analysis of the Communist mind this reviewer has ever read."—*New Bedford Standard-Times*

"A 'must' for what Frank Meyer has here set down is not only so important that no one can afford to miss it but so clearly stated that no one, we feel, can fail to see the point . . . an explicit, gripping account of the methods employed to convert the normal human being into the hard-core Bolshevik, the cadre Communist, as Meyer came to know these methods from the inside of the Party: the hard-core inside."—HARRY AND BONARO OVERSTREET

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some point, a Party decision was reached not to answer his questions at all.

This book, with a few postscripts and a concluding chapter to bring it up to date, consists of the non-Communist case as Lindsay prepared it four years ago. There is not an emotional sentence in the work; there is scarcely an adjective; there is no trace of name-calling or invective for invective's sake. Objectively, dispassionately, without animus or hostility, he simply reviews the evidence as it appears to non-Communist eyes. And as he completes each section, he puts the inescapable questions: *"Could defenders of the Communist position show that such suspicions and precautions are unjustified?" "Could defenders of the Communist position give any good reasons for judging rearmament in East Germany by entirely different standards from rearmament in West Germany?" "How is it possible to negotiate any useful agreement involving future performance by Communist powers without some guarantee that their future record of observing agreements will be different from their past record? And how can the Communist powers give such a guarantee?"*

Lindsay does not claim a perfect record for the West. Indeed, if his book has a fault, it would lie in his tendency to bend too far backwards in acknowledging what seem to him errors in Western policy. In my own judgment, he undeservedly condemns MacArthur for carrying the war into North Korea. By the time this decision was reached, American forces had encountered Chinese "volunteers" in such organized numbers that no realistic question remained of Chinese "intervention." The Chinese already had intervened.

Some of Lindsay's most penetrating observations are directed at the West's failure to sell an affirmative case *for* a free society, not only in the underdeveloped nations but in more advanced nations also. On the surface, at least, and without reckoning hidden costs, Communism does appear to offer immediate solutions for some of the world's ills. But the West's response to this impression generally lies merely in deploring the costs and criticizing the solutions. It is seldom that non-Communist leaders offer workable alternatives—workable, that is, in terms of actual local conditions.

This is not an easy book to read. Lindsay writes in tightly knit sentences, in which every strand of thought is looped and knotted to another. Yet his work is almost indispensable to any serious student of foreign affairs. Before a court of world opinion, this is a brief for our side, concise, reasoned, overwhelming. It is regrettable, of course, that Lindsay could not persuade his opposite numbers in Peiping and Moscow to attempt some right answers, but he can find immense satisfaction in the successful completion of a task almost as rewarding: He asked the right questions.

What Is Caesar's?

JOHN G. ACKELMIRE

The Marines songfully claim to guard Heaven, and I'm for that. In World War II, however, there was a widespread report that once when the Marines stormed a Pacific beach against fierce Japanese challenge and finally fought themselves inland, they found a Seabee battalion already comfortably quartered. The Navy Construction Battalions, or Seabees, were one of the most remarkably wonderful outfits in the whole sad history of warfare. Their boss, Admiral Ben Moreell, planned it that way; and if it is not true that they were first at any wartime beach parties, they were early guests. Admiral Moreell always has been an early arriver. He was the Navy's first Vice Admiral at the age of 51 in 1944, and he became an articulate and popular spokesman of regenerated conservatism in the postwar chaos.

The Admiral's Log II: In Search of Freedom, by Admiral Ben Moreell. Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, 410 Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia 6, Pa. $1.00

Two years ago the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists bound a batch of Admiral Moreell's major addresses into a book entitled *The Admiral's Log*. Now the ISI has put fifteen more of his speeches and articles into a paperback volume, *The Admiral's Log II*.

Admiral Moreell is forthright: "I believe that no one, no matter how exalted his position, can determine for 172 million people their day-to-day economic and social decisions concerning such matters as wages, prices, production, associations. . . I propose that these decisions . . . be returned to the persons concerned." To achieve this, he proposes five steps:

1. The ending of all further private raids on the public treasury—whether conducted by unions, businessmen, farmers or any other group. 2. An orderly demobilization of the bureaucracy as the road back to social health and sanity. 3. The return of governmental power to the states wherever possible. 4. Resistance to the government panderer who comes to us offering gifts paid for with our own money, in return for a surrender of our natural rights. 5. The acknowledgement of individual moral responsibility.

He says, rightly, that the two most destructive intrusions on individual liberty in the Republic's history are the graduated income tax and military conscription. They get at our two most vital rights, the right to life and the right to own and keep property. He would have done with these intrusions and many lesser ones, such as the restrictions against holding gold, the loss of privacy in bank deposits, and the tax enslavement inherent in compulsory Social Security.

It is quite obvious that Ben Moreell not only knows where freedom is to be found, but where it continues to be lost. He knows the "what" of freedom, too. But does he know the "why"—other than that there is a measure of ephemeral joy in doing precisely as one pleases? Can he tell Caesar why men ought to be free rather than the totally organized agents of an anthill state? Yes, he can, in the moral terms of a deeply religious man.

"Since all men are creatures of God," Moreell writes, "each of us derives his individuality and his freedom from God. Thus, each person is sovereign in his relations with all other persons. It follows that no man can arrogate to himself the authority to trespass on God-given rights of others without violating the moral law, nor can any group, or even government, vest itself with such authority."

The trouble, of course, is that Caesar believes in no god but himself, a fateful delusion which has kept the tree of liberty well watered with blood in this century. The alternative to more spillage lies partly in winning converts away from what they imagine is a safe non-commitment. Such illusory safety, Dante warned, is a ticket to "the hottest places in Hell." This new pocket-size collection of Admiral Moreell's addresses and essays will help toward their conversion.

Movies

Epic, Epic, Who's Got the Epic?

FRANCIS RUSSELL

If after experiencing the macabre enchantment of Ingmar Bergman's *The Virgin Spring* I was to discover that he spent his spare time organizing the Communist Housewives' League of Sweden I should be surprised at his politics but my opinion of him as an artist would remain unchanged. And I should be among the first to protest if anyone tried to prevent him from making more pictures. My objection to Dalton Trumbo's "scripting" (the word is Otto Preminger's, not mine) of *Exodus* is not that he has a record of Communist associations, but that he has the crust to bore me for three hours and forty-five minutes with another of his ho-hum fake epics. Producer Preminger, that valiant gospel singer of the Four Freedoms, has defended his choice of a Trumbo by proclaiming that "in our free democratic way of life, we do not keep on punishing a man once he has paid for violating the law. And inquiring into a man's politics and religion and discriminating against him because of them is not the American way."

Since, in the winged Preminger words, we don't go on punishing and inquiring, it occurred to me during a certain long three and three-quarter hours that in another four years Baldur von Schirach—a somewhat more professional writer than Dalton Trumbo—will be out of Spandau. I suggest that in the same Pauline spirit of charity Mr. Preminger might give von Schirach a job scripting for United Artists. Perhaps Dalton and Baldur could even combine talents in a new epic on the 1956 Hungarian uprising. After all, the old gauleiters and the commissars seem to be hitting it off quite happily in Cairo these days.

Leon Uris as an historical writer is in the class of the late Kenneth Roberts. He makes an extraordinarily painstaking effort to be factually correct and, although he uses a stock plot with clothes-horse characters, he has the gift of spinning an entertaining yarn. Neither author has ever written a line resembling literature. Both of them dish out history to the public like chocolate-covered laxative drops, which is even so a lot better than no history at all. And Uris, though himself a scripter, is an honest man. Originally he had been picked to do his own *Exodus* until he was replaced by Trumbo since, according to Preminger, "we did not see eye to eye on the project."

The *Exodus* blurb booklet, which I bought in the lobby instead of popcorn, harps on the attention given to authenticity in the making of the film, an attention that "may seem exaggerated but in recreating such recent history, the slightest anachronism or mistake is enough to dispel the illusion of a scene." For myself I find such slips help while away the time. Just in passing, though: When Haganah leader Ari Ben Canaan (Paul Newman) disguised as an English captain entered a British orderly room, he failed to salute. That would have given him away on the threshold. Shades of my old company sergeant major! "When yer go in the bloody orderly room yer salute, and if nobody's there yer salute the bloody room!" Major Caldwell (Peter Lawford) remarked of the spurious captain that he had "all the right decorations." Those were no decorations I seen him with last night; those were the standard was-you-there? service ribbons—1939-45 Star, Africa Star, War Medal. Also I should like to point out to United Artists once and for all that although English lootenants are leftenants, they are addressed as mister.

In this by now familiar story of the good ship Exodus thwarting the British by making off with a cargo of contraband Jewish DP's from the Caraolos detention camp on Cyprus and carrying them to Palestine just in time to tie them in with the creation of the new state of Israel, Trumbo has fallen back for protection on his *Six Steps to Stock Film Situations* and the *Pocket Dictionary of Clichés*. The type characters that Uris overlooked are all there: the *yiddische* momma like Mollie Goldberg dishing out the strudels, the middle-aged chess-playing heart-of-

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gold *komiker* (Gregory Ratoff), the doctor who used to know Freud in Vienna, even a specially stuffed Nazi (Marius Goring—who ought to know better). Eva Marie Saint in the role of Kitty Fremont, the American nurse who thinks Jews are strange and ends up by giving her heart to Ari and Israel, doesn't have enough motivation to carry her across the street. Rather than let a situation develop Mr. Trumbo prefers to let it speak for itself, so Kitty on her first appearance on Cyprus puts us in the picture by asking more foolish questions than a four-year-old at the zoo.

It is curious that the principal Jewish parts in the film are taken by gentiles—Paul Newman, Alexandra Stewart, Paul Stevens, and the delightful newcomer little Jill Hayworth. I hope it is because Israeli actors would have no part in it. What is the use of ticking off the rest: the idyllic kibbutz with its symphony orchestra of twelve-year-olds, the mateyest place since the five little Peppers broke up housekeeping; Sal Mineo, as offensive on the screen as he is in his recordings; Ralph Richardson riding no-hands through his routine as military governor of Cyprus; and so on? The only time I heard an echo from the main line, however, was in the scene when the United Nations partition voters were being announced to the crowd from a balcony and the amplifiers turned up fullest at the cheers for the vote of the "Polish People's Republic."

I think again of *The Virgin Spring* and what Ingmar Bergman did on a pittance with a medieval legend of his country, and I think of what Dalton Trumbo would have done parlaying that same legend into a couple of million. Then I think back to *Exodus*. The birth of Israel is such an impelling theme, such a triumphant assertion of the determination of man in our time, so much myth made reality, that one can only grieve for this shoddy failure.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ADVENTURES IN BLACK AND WHITE, by Philippa Duke Schuyler (Robert Speller & Sons, $4.95). It's *allegro sostenuto* all the way as Philippa Schuyler, onetime child prodigy, now a concert pianist, takes off on a world tour: 60 countries in 300 pages, from Uganda to Anchorage, from B.A. to Helsingfors. Crop statistics, the weather, conversations, local color, political and sociological comment, fashion notes, concert programs, the scenery, all tumble from Miss Schuyler's pages in a state of amorphous but attractive confusion. The book is crammed with interesting, if often irrelevant, data: how to deal with ants in Usumburu; what kind of a piano Albert Schweitzer uses; who not to hire as an impresario on a concert tour of Latin America; what Chief Bwong Gwom wore at the concert in Jos; the words of that famous old Baganda ballad "Basiba embuzi mwesimye" etc.). Miss Schuyler, who is of mixed parentage (her father is George Schuyler, the distinguished Negro journalist), emerges from this book as a woman of rare courage and vast resources (which she is constantly called upon to tap). But as a writer, she has some crippling faults, many of which good editing could have corrected. Someone, somewhere along the line, should have excised a thousand or more adjectives. P. L. BUCKLEY

TEN YEARS OF STORM, by Chow Ching-wen (Holt, $6.00). The "experts" tell us that Khrushchev is sorely tried by Mao's thesis of war's inevitability, and that the West may soon be required to make common cause with reasonable Mr. K. to ward off the yellow peril to peace. Chow Ching-wen, a high-ranking Peking official for eight years, tells us something else again: that "Maoism" is a figment of Western wishful thinking; that the vast human poultry yard of Communist China seethes with unrest, making Mao and his brutal henchmen more than ever dependent upon Moscow. This incisive eye-witness study of China's bloodiest decade is worth a thousand fatuous "analyses" of the alleged Sino-Soviet doctrinal dispute; Chow's chapter on Peking's foreign policy alone is an invaluable antidote to the pap of the armchair experts. And his conclusion that the spirit of free China has not been broken by its incredible suffering is a warning that a new Hungary may one day burst upon us with a thunderclap from the East. R. WHALEN

THE INFORMED HEART, by Bruno Bettelheim (Free Press $5.00). Bruno Bettelheim matured after the First World War, when young Viennese intellectuals found only two approaches to the problem of man in society: to turn Communist and reform society, or turn psychiatrist and reform man. Bettelheim chose psychiatry. But after a year in Dachau and Buchenwald he wondered if psychiatry was all: "When the chips were down, it was utterly unimportant why a person acted the way he did; the only thing that counted was how he acted." Yet he could not rid himself of his scientistic view of personality: the inner power of the Jehovah's Witnesses, who were triumphantly impervious to camp life, he traces to "rigid religious beliefs" and "generally narrow" outlook and experience. Saints he discusses in terms of guilt or gratification. As to morality, he knows not what is right or wrong for others. And life is meaningless: "as far as we know, there is no purpose to one's life." Despite his severely limited view of man, Bettelheim nevertheless has produced an eloquent and informative analysis of the central problem of our times—the conflict between individual autonomy and the mass society. W. F. RICKENBACKER

ART AND OUTRAGE, by Lawrence Durrell and Alfred Perles (Dutton, $2.75). Four letters from each of the authors of this "book" are devoted to the subject of Henry Miller. The first two letters are spent arranging for this public correspondence, and the last two confessing that it has misfired. To publish them was an act of arrogance excused only by the intention of offering tribute. The tribute is turned away and the arrogance topped by Miller himself, who breaks into the correspondence to reflect on its subject (his favorite one) in this vein: "It is almost classic what I have to say on this score. . . . My work represents germination in all its phases . . . I coined this word Truth." G. WILLS

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VIEWPOINT

THE WELFARE STATE . . . PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURE

A statement in the public interest by N. J. Gould, president of Goulds Pumps, Inc., Seneca Falls, New York

Implicit in the doctrine that our only hope of remaining a first-class power is to submit ourselves—individuals, cities and states—to paternalism in Washington is the idea that none of us can either think or fend for himself.

Exactly the opposite, of course, is true. The currently popular Great School Scheme, which talks of billions more in Federal aid, illustrates our point precisely. No national school building emergency presently exists. Local communities, with few exceptions, have the problem well in hand.

Grandiose plans for Federal aid for housing and medical care look silly, too, when we consider that we are the best housed people in the world and that our people as a whole show a strong disposition to look after their own medical requirements.

Government planning in these areas completely fails to distinguish between national needs and needs that are nationwide. This confusion, rooted in the dementia of paternalism, results in monstrous government meddling all over the place.

What we *do* need to maintain our position in the world is—not a government that makes itself responsible for everybody's welfare—but one that does a statesmanlike job in the area assigned to it by the Constitution.

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To the Editor

In Defense of Bourbon

Your editorial "On with the New" [January 28] mentions with delight the departure of "the political hacks, the poker-playing, Bourbon-drinking friends of the Truman era." We too were glad to see them go, but we strongly believe that the only redemptive feature of those political hacks and backroom cardsharps was that they quenched their thirst with the noblest potable product of the Republic, the friend of physicians and Colonels, the soul of the julep, the *raison d'être* of the late Senator Claghorn, and the sweet water of life, usquebaugh supreme of every 100 per cent American citizen of the sovereign State of Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky. JEROME JACKSON

A Reversal of Policy

Your editorial "Amen" [December 3] was an excellent "taking note" of the November 20 statement of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops, stressing the need for "personal responsibil.ty" by individuals in the affairs of men. . . . Your editorial welcomes this change in orientation by this great church body and the implication that the change is basic.

However, significant as you hold the statement to be, its true significance can be grasped only when it is compared with an earlier statement from the same source; another major turning point where this church left the road of "personal responsibility" in economic and political affairs and turned sharply left to government control, collectivism, and a loss of faith in "private enterprise.". . . This earlier turn to the left, which was in actual fact repealed by the November 20, 1960 statement, stemmed from the February 7, 1940 statement by the Bishops and Archbishops on the Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. That statement occupies 21 pages in *Social Order*, a sociology textbook by Jesuit Fathers Willigan and O'Connor, published in 1941 by Longmans, Green & Company.

In scanning the 21-page statement, it is noted that the expression "personal responsibility" does not occur once, although the statement does shriek out such expressions as, "social responsibility," "responsibility toward society," "responsibility of property," "wealth can be distributed," "governmental authority," "adjust ownership to meet needs of public goods," "government alone has the responsibility," "equitable distribution of income," "social responsibility of industry," "graduated share in ownership and profits . . . voice in management," "*so-called* free enterprise," "state . . . responsibility for public welfare," "more equal distribution of goods," and finally, in case of any remaining doubt as to what it was all about, the "*disintegrating* principles of individualism."

Now we have the Bishops and Archbishops, twenty years later, noting with apprehension and alarm the extent to which socialism and collectivism, as preached by all churches for a quarter of a century, have taken hold of the general populace. Apparently the good fathers suddenly perceive the degree to which acceptance of this philosophy is nothing more nor less than a major preparatory step toward full acceptance of Communism itself; hence the emergency need to sharply check this moral deterioration and to reverse the trend.

New Orleans, La. WALTER C. CAREY

Chicago Politics

You confound me! . . . William Dawson is passed over as dignified ["The Cabinet," December 31]. According to the *Chicago Daily News*, his record is anything but dignified; which more than likely is the real reason why he declined the appointment.

In fact, the *Chicago Daily News* has this to say: "Dawson has absolute political power over an area which has the most crime in Chicago in proportion to its population; the most errors, intentional and otherwise, in counting votes; the most fraud in the registration of voters; and traditionally, at least, the most corruption among the police serving the area."

Whittier, Cal. BETTY GENTRY TODESCA

Boss Tweed was dignified too. —ED.

Turning the Clock Forward

Back cover, January 28 issue: "NATIONAL REVIEW tested and compared and analyzed The New Frontier from July through December 1961." *Now* let anybody say conservatives would turn back the clock!

Richmond, Va. ED MOREHOUSE

Teddy Roosevelt

There were just one or two little things in Stefan Possony's "Haphazard Countdown" [December 17] which seemed a bit strange, to wit:

1. "In practicing his brand of deterrence, President Theodore Roosevelt dispatched the United States fleet on a world cruise . . . yet the ships could have fired only one single salvo and were dependent upon supporting vessels. . . ." This, I take it, is a disapproving reference, and I do not think it justifies itself.

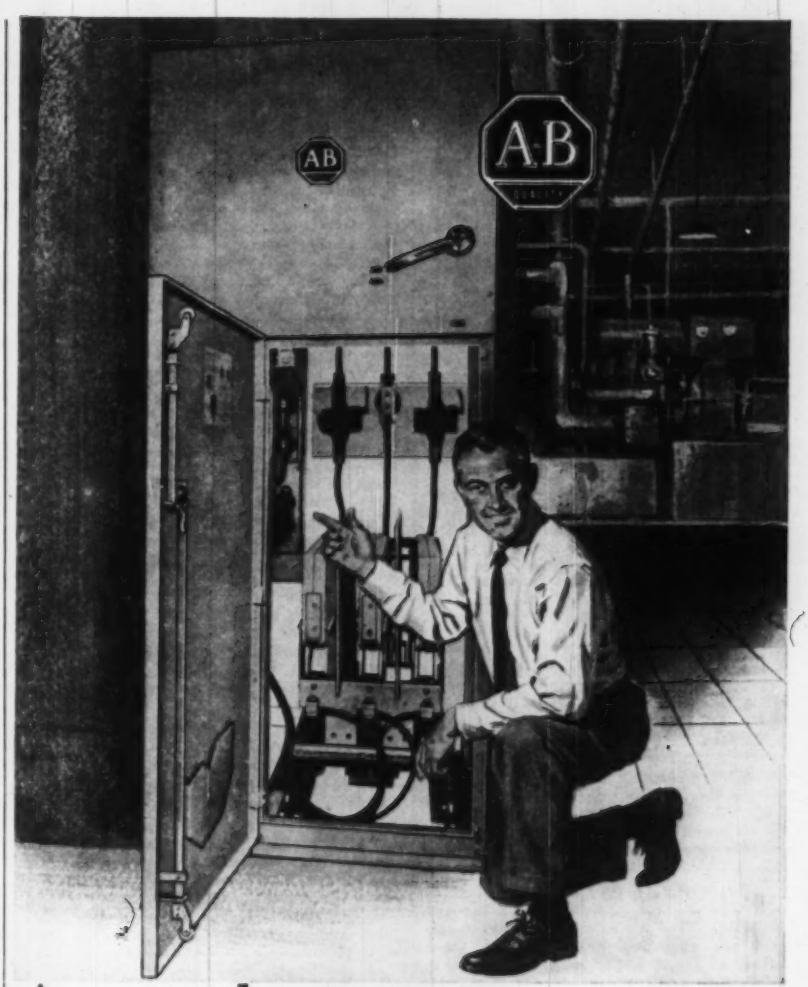
a) The growth of the "Great White Fleet" was not, at least according to my knowledge of history, intended to deter anything immediate or particular but rather to show the world that the United States too now was a Great Power with a big stick. Consequently the sentence "yet the ships. . ." is entirely irrelevant.

b) Even as a matter of deterrence—apparently we were trying to deter the whole world by threatening it in its home ports—it is not clear that the inability to fire was generally known and hence relevant. But basically the idea that the fleet should have been battle-ready is entire nonsense.

2. "In 1914, the Atlantic Fleet, upon Presidential orders, captured Vera Cruz in a pitched battle to prevent delivery of German munitions to a Castro-like Mexican dictator."

Very possibly German munitions *were* involved—although I had always heard something about an insult to the flag and refusal to apologize. However, Huerta—for it was Huerta—was no "Castro-like Mexican dictator." Batista-like, yes; Castro-like, no: it was Wilson's policy to favor more radical men than the counter-revolutionary Huerta, men who paid more convincing lip-service to liberal democratic ideals; and it is in part to that policy that we owe the confiscations and the anarchy of the 1920's.

So, I would submit that Wilson does not deserve the credit or Theodore Roosevelt the discredit which your reviewer appears to distribute; he seems to have misunderstood both



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apparently we were trying to deter the purpose of the fleet's voyage and the nature of Wilson's Mexican policy.

Funchal, Madeira LESTER O'SHEA

Effective Anti-Communists

In reply to a letter from Benjamin Mandel, [January 14], I should like to defend those young conservatives who attended the Sharon Conference this past September.

Mr. Mandel thinks that conservative youth is not able to argue effectively with the followers of the left-wing line. While this may be true of some of the more recent converts to Young Americans for Freedom, it seems unjust to criticize the leaders and organizers of Y.A.F. An example of their effectiveness in anti-Communist activity is the success of their January 2 picket in Washington in support of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Northampton, Mass. LYN JAN-TAUSCH
Smith College

The Liberal Heresy

I am sure that many of your readers shared with me a sudden piercing insight of the Liberal heresy while reading Professor Henry Paolucci's letter ["The Testimony of Vanzetti," January 14], and received again reason for supporting a journal which, alone in the political field, provides a program based on the proper relationship between God, man and the state.

Liberals of all faiths should realize the total implications of their utterances which reflect a belief, conscious or otherwise, that has inherent theological and philosophical errors.

Red Bank, N. J. GEORGE A. SHEEHAN, JR.

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P03w

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